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Dr RIGBY'S LETTERS

LONDON : PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

DR RIGBY'S LETTERS

FROM FRANCE &C.

IN

1789

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EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER

LADY EASTLAKE

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1880

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INTRODUCTION.

IN the light of cotemporary history, all contributions, however humble, are valuable, and all pens, however unpretending, acceptable. This may be said to be especially the case with the history of the French Revolution, on which inquiry is as insatiable as materials seem to be interminable. For this reason, I venture to publish the unstudied letters of my father, Dr. Edward Rigby, who with three gentlemen, his travelling companions, Mr. Boddington, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Ollyett Woodhouse, entered Paris on the evening of July 7, 1789. As educated Englishmen they were aware of the troubled state of affairs in France—though those were not considered sufficiently serious to deter them from visiting the country—and had observed signs of excitement on their way to Paris, but they were little prepared for the events for which their arrival in the capital had been so exactly timed. My father was a Whig of the old stamp; ardent in all movements for reform and enlightenment. His sympathies were therefore entirely with a great and long-oppressed people, struggling as he believed for the commonest

principles of just government. After a few days in Paris, he and his companions proceeded to Versailles, where the National Assembly was deliberating, and where they heard Mirabeau, Target,[1] La Fayette, and Lally de Tolendal speak. To the two first-named leaders of the popular party the travellers had letters of introduction. They failed, however, to see Mirabeau in private, but from Target they heard words of no common import as a reflection of the convictions of the time. They also saw Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette pass through to the Chapel in the Trianon. But their time was shortened. The communication between Versailles and the Capital was threatened, and they hurried back just before the road was closed by troops.

The travellers re-entered Paris on the afternoon of Sunday, July 12, only to witness events which overwhelmed them successively with joy, with pity, and with horror; to convince themselves that if the French people had all the furious passions of an unreasoning and, as some think, purposely excited rabble, they also possessed all the self-control, foresight and organising powers of responsible citizens; to feel that Paris became more and more the centre of a tremendous drama,—and finally, to experience considerable personal difficulty in leaving it.

So far the account of these first days of an epoch which, some will say, is not yet absolutely closed, speaks for itself. The details, given as far

[1] Target was a prominent member of the National Assembly.

as an active and intelligent English gentleman could hear and see for himself, and jotted down every few hours, have the stamp of incontestable evidence. They may be divided into two classes —the facts he witnessed and the rumours he heard. The first require no further confirmation; the last have been more or less corroborated or not by subsequent investigation. Taken altogether, they may be said to confirm the impressions generally received of the outbreak of the Revolution. But it is not so with other facts which appear in these letters; for my father's description of the state of agriculture throughout a large area of France, and of the apparent happiness of the peasantry—and he passed through the length of the country up to the Italian frontier—are at variance with the general belief on both these points. For this reason I feel it expedient to state briefly such grounds, drawn from his life and character, as prove him to have been not only qualified, but singularly competent to form such opinions.

My father, Dr. Edward Rigby, was born 1747, at Chowbent, in Lancashire, and educated at Dr. Priestley's school at Warrington. Of his father I know too little to speak with any certainty. His mother was Sarah Taylor, daughter of Dr. Taylor, a well-known Hebraicist, and compiler of the Hebrew Concordance. Of her also no record has been handed down to us, except that she was possessed of great personal beauty. She died 1773, aged forty-nine. He had two sisters, Mrs. Parry of Bath, mother

of the Polar navigator, and Mrs. Bunny of Newbury. Through his mother he was connected with the families of Taylor and Martineau, located chiefly in Norwich: a circumstance which probably was the cause of his coming to that city, where he studied medicine under Mr. Norgate, and subsequently settled as a physician. His relationship to the Martineau family, whose ancestor escaped from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, may be said to have connected him with the persecution of the Huguenots, which, in the judgment of present history, was the primary cause of the moral ruin of French society. It certainly contributed to the strong opinions he held against the French Government, Church, and noblesse.

The date of my father's birth serves to show the distance in time that separated him from his second family, to the surviving members of which the figure of the grand old man, from whom they were properly kept much aloof, is but a dim memory. This must account for the scantiness of my knowledge regarding his youth, and even his maturer and elderly years. The rank he occupied, however, in intelligence and general attainments, as well as in his special profession—in which his works commanded a more than provincial repute —is amply attested. He was endowed with that healthy class of mind for which most moral and intellectual subjects have interest. He was a good classic scholar, a naturalist, a sound administrator and a reformer of abuses: the two latter as

evidenced by his activity as a magistrate, and by his writings upon workhouses. He was a Whig of the old stamp, and so ardently interested in national politics as to take, what was rarely then done in Norwich, though acknowledged to be a city of singular intelligence,[1] a daily London Paper—the 'Morning Chronicle.' He was well acquainted with the French language, and last, though not least to the purpose of this introduction, he was a practical and enthusiastic farmer. A friendship for Mr. Coke of Holkham, afterwards Earl of Leicester, nourished this taste, and an estate of 300 acres, five miles from Norwich, gave it ample exercise. A small work called 'Holkham,' written by my father, describing the annual festivity of sheep-shearing, which lasted three days, when 600 guests sat down to dinner—and setting forth the improvements introduced by the untiring energy and philanthropy of Mr. Coke, by which land which had been let for only three shillings an acre was converted into a domain of unexampled fertility—this small work is perhaps one of the only careful and intelligent records remaining of these munificent occasions. Another work, called after his own little estate, 'Framingham'—a name which occasionally occurs in these letters—equally details the result of the new system of farming upon a smaller scale. Well do I remember the gigantic size of certain Swedish turnips and mangel-wurzel laid on the

[1] Norwich, with Worcester, was the first provincial town which published a newspaper, the *Norwich Postman*, 1706.

lawn for the inspection of friends; and especially a certain monster cabbage conveyed to Norwich, on which my feet rested as I sat between my father and the coachman in his old-fashioned gig.

He also translated a work on Italian agriculture, beautifully written by M. Chateauvieux, a French gentleman well known in former Paris society, which may be read with great interest to this day. In addition to these, and to the works devoted to his profession, he treated questions of the time, such as 'Malthus on the principle of population,' and 'The rights of property in land,' in small opuscula, with a clearness and freedom from prejudice in which he was before his generation. He was thus not only in the prime of his life and intelligence—forty-two years of age—when he visited France, but singularly prepared to form a sound judgment on all he saw, and certainly not least upon the state of the land in a foreign country. Indeed, the motto of his life may be said to have been 'Nihil agriculturâ melius.'

When, therefore, we find such passages as these describing his first impressions—'Lisle, July 5.—The most striking character of the country through which we passed yesterday is its astonishing fertility. We went through an extent of seventy miles, and I will venture to say there was not a single acre but what was in a state of the highest cultivation. The crops are great beyond any conception I could have had of them—thousands and ten thousands of acres of wheat superior to any that can be produced in England.' Again, from Chantilly.

'The cultivation of this country is indeed incredible. We have travelled more than 200 miles, and have not seen an inch that is not highly cultivated and fertile.' 'To behold the face of the country, one would suppose that a scarcity could never take place. Everything we see bears the marks of industry and cheerfulness.' 'The fertility of the soil and the population of the towns and country are astonishing.' And again, as to the aspect of the peasantry, 'Everything bears the marks of industry, and all the people look happy.' 'Cottagers in England are certainly not so well off; I am sure they do not look half so happy:'—when we read these, with many more remarks to the same purport, from the pen of a well-qualified witness, we are obliged to ask ourselves how such a picture is compatible with that misery and starvation which the French peasantry but too certainly endured under the misrule of two of the worst and longest reigns that history records! How a people thus described by a stranger as full of gaiety and intelligence could be the descendants of a race who 'ate grass like sheep and died like flies'—how this could be the same country where at the beginning of the eighteenth century it was reckoned that six millions had perished of hunger and destitution—this the same land whole villages of which had in 1750 been abandoned to sterility![1]

Partial answers to these questions may be given as follows. While my father's estimate of the high

[1] See Taine's *Origines de la France Cotemporaine.*

state of cultivation cannot be questioned, it must be remembered that the tillage he saw was carried on under different conditions to those chiefly described by Arthur Young at the same period. Instead of being conducted on the *métayer* system, which in France led to the neglect of the land and to the misery of the peasant partner, the soil thus cultivated belonged obviously to the peasant, and thus possessed, in Arthur Young's words, 'that magic of property which turns sand into gold.' At the same time, the scrupulous cultivation which my father describes was a proof not so much of the prosperity of the holder as of conditions which could not afford to leave an inch unturned. We have also to remember that for about twenty years previous to the outburst of the Revolution the burdens on the tiller of the soil had been alleviated, and certain immunities, wrung from the necessities of the time, granted.[1] Also that while the Government and noblesse were rapidly approaching a state of insolvency, the manufacturing classes were acquiring and diffusing wealth; that the French peasant, even when at the lowest ebb of his misery, was seldom without a few hidden crowns—the savings of hunger and rags—ready to take advantage of the necessities of his 'Seigneur,' and to indulge the ruling instinct of his nature—the acquisition of land—and that in this way it is calculated that he had gradually acquired the ownership of at

[1] For instance, uncultivated land taken up remained fifteen years free from tax: this was an edict of 1766.

least a quarter of the soil. And, further, we must take account not only of the indefatigable industry and frugality of the French lower classes, but also of that providential law of Nature which enables her to recover from neglect, as distinguished from violence, with marvellous and most beneficent rapidity. At all events, the reader will perceive that my father was not one inclined to see things merely *couleur de rose*. His short passage through German territory shows this. There was no pre-existing reason why he should not have taken the same favourable view of the German people and their agriculture, as he did of that of the French. If his means of judgment, from the rapidity with which they travelled, were but superficial, they were equally so for both lands alike.

As to the happiness of the lower classes, I am far from equally claiming the infallibility of my father's judgment on that score. The gaiety of the people, it is true, would appear to have been greater before the Revolution than it is now. For this the incessant changes and vicissitudes they have passed through may be partially the cause. Nor can certain alterations in the laws be left out of the account. That law which equalised the division of property has increased the habits of self-help and knowledge of business, but also increased the cares and thoughtfulness of every man and woman in France.[1]

[1] Reasoning on this subject, Tocqueville says, 'Il faut se défier de la gaieté que montre souvent le Français dans ses

Another question remains to be answered, namely, how it came to pass that a people thus partially relieved, a country thus redeemed—with its long sinning ecclesiastics and noblesse ready to forego many of their pecuniary privileges, though not others equally as unjust—and with high and low unanimously agreed on the necessity of reforms—how such a convulsion as the Revolution should have occurred exactly when the causes that led to it were in the act of subsiding. This question has hitherto defied all who have endeavoured in any categorical form to disentangle the web of cause and effect, ignorance and mistake, suffering and barbarity, heroism and cowardice which envelopes and obscures the subject. If, as we have said, it is one on which inquiry is insatiable and materials interminable, it may also be added—and solution impossible.

Concessions and reforms, a guileless King, a noble Queen, no sacrifices within the powers, or expedients within the knowledge of those who then ruled, could have arrested, it may be said, the inexorable march of that evil so long and so persistently invoked, and now due. Who shall say to the overcharged spirit of long outraged humanity, 'So far shalt thou *rend*, and no further'? Only the French Revolution could have taught its own pos-

plus grands maux; elle prouve seulement que, croyant sa mauvaise fortune inévitable, il cherche à s'en distraire en n'y pensant point, et non qu'il ne la sent pas.'—*L'ancien Régime*, p. 205.

sibility. Those who lived before it belonged to a different class of reasoners to those who have lived since. Even with the power of judging after the event, we remain stupefied rather than enlightened at the spectacle. Yet, if the awful convulsion burst forth just when measures were being taken for its prevention, it did but follow in that respect the course of natural law, namely, as to time; for nations, like individuals, are appointed to suffer for what they have been, rather than for what they are. And equally is it appointed that the innocent, 'to the third and fourth generation,' should suffer for the guilty. Were it otherwise—did the penalty only fall where it is due—the crimes committed in popular excesses would have a colour of justification. We are told that it was Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and, generally speaking, the irreligious philosophers of the eighteenth century, who produced the Revolution; but this only brings us to the next question. What produced them? But, granting that the reforms needed were such as could be effected only by the overthrow of the whole social structure, why should they have been accompanied with outrages and atrocities disgraceful to humanity; which have made the French Revolution a horror and a byeword? To a certain degree, it must be admitted that these atrocities, weighed relatively with the causes that led to them, have assumed an undue preponderance.

If the enormities of the 'Terror,' and the enormities of the 'Ancien Régime,' as to intensity and

duration of suffering, numbers of those sacrificed, and innocence of the victims, were read side by side in double columns, there can be no doubt which columns would be the blackest. The annals of human oppression and human misery which such writers as Tocqueville, Lanfrey, and Taine have, during latter years, laid bare, have for the first time placed us in a position to form impartial judgment.[1] Even Burke, in his 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' was totally misled in his premises; for he judged the upper, and what he considered the governing classes by the English standard. But in France all knowledge and habit of governing on the part of the noblesse was entirely wanting. They had bartered the real importance and dignity of high position for the contemptible privilege of exemption from burthens which they threw on the poor. The oppression they had thus exercised for generations proved, by a natural law of retribution, their own destruction; it rendered

[1] 'Le monde qui a précédé la révolution française est presque aussi difficile à retrouver et à comprendre, que les époques antédiluviennes. Le cataclysme de notre révolution n'a laissé que des débris recouverts par le nouveau sol, et qu'il faut retirer de là, un à un, pour en récomposer un monde à jamais détruit. En considérant toutes les choses que m'apprend cette étude preliminaire, et toutes les pensées qu'elle me suggère, je crois m'apercevoir que ce qui a le plus manqué à ceux qui ont voulu parler de la révolution française, et même du temps présent, ce sont des idées vraies et justes sur ce qui avait précédé.'—Letter to Mrs. Grote, *Œuvres de Tocqueville*, vol. ii. p. 243.

them impervious to the first laws of cause and effect, and deprived them of all power of political calculation. The short-sighted selfishness of those who sow such storms leaves them utterly unprepared for the whirlwind. They fell before it without a struggle. Thus Evil was left to triumph, simply because Good, such as it was, was helpless. It had not even arguments in its own defence; for Arthur Young calls attention to the fact that while pens innumerable poured forth seditious pamphlets as many as ninety in a week, not a pen moved on the side of a Government which first despised and then collapsed before the enemy. It would seem therefore, by a fatal and self-created necessity, that evil in such extreme cases is destined only to be overcome with evil. The French Revolution began by the hands of Patriots, Philanthropists, and Enthusiasts, but it ended in those of the Fates and the Furies.

As regards my father's letters from parts of Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, his movements were too rapid to enable him to form little more than a passive judgment on the character of the landscape and the appearance of the people. Still, the cursory impressions, independent of guides and handbooks, ninety years ago, even of things now familiar, have a freshness of interest which in this instance is their only recommendation.

I will add a plea for my father's style. That it should sound occasionally somewhat old-fashioned after such a lapse of time, needs no explanation.

The peculiarity of his writing consists rather in the ardent expressions on all subjects connected either with the freedom and happiness, or the oppression and misery of the human race. This was partly the result of his own generous and enthusiastic temperament; partly also the effects of the time. It must be remembered that when he wrote, that movement of reform in England which is now taken as a matter of course had hardly begun to stir; and accordingly, in proportion to the slowness of what we now call 'Progress' was the impatience and warmth of spirit which characterised those who were its earliest advocates. It may safely be affirmed that few men responded to the needs and wrongs of their fellow-creatures with greater sympathy, or anticipated future improvements with truer insight, than he whose private letters now for the first time see the light. At the same time, I am well aware that far from helping us to comprehend the spectacle which France presented in 1789, they only add fresh evidence of the intricacy and difficulty of the subject.[1]

[1] Dr. Rigby's letters were addressed to his first wife and to their two daughters, long since deceased.

Dr RIGBY'S LETTERS

FROM FRANCE &c.

IN 1789

DR. RIGBY'S LETTERS.

Dover : Thursday Evening, July 2, 1789.

My dear Loves,—Having been detained in London a little while, we were not able to get to this place till this evening, and are under the necessity of lodging here. The day has been throughout fine, and we have had a most pleasant journey. The road between Canterbury and Dover is very beautiful—small swelling hills well covered with wood. About two miles from Dover a beautiful valley opened upon us, which terminated in a view of the Castle of Dover, the sea beyond it, and the distant coast of France. This was a most striking picture. Dover is singularly situated; a large straggling town built under the chalk cliffs which overhang the ocean. The cliffs here are in the form of an amphitheatre or crescent, and the land

below them has evidently been once covered with water. The cliffs being white are striking objects, but I don't think they are higher or more romantic looking than those at Mundsley, on the Norfolk coast. We have just had a most delightful walk on the beach, which is not, as at Yarmouth, sand, but small pebbles; the yellow-horned poppy grows abundantly among the pebbles, and is certainly more supported by what it derives from above than from what it grows in. We wandered about till we lost daylight, but there being a good moon the scene became still more pleasing; the wind was still, the sea smooth, the slowly moving waves gently breaking on the shore. My companions were well disposed to enjoy such a scene, and our gratification was much increased by Morgan's admirable remarks on the formation of the earth, the changes which this globe has undergone, the constant fluctuation of the sea, and such subjects. Though I have already had great enjoyment from this short expedition, I begin to feel that my pleasure will in every instance be lessened by not having you with me. We have settled with the master

of the 'Nymph' packet, and expect to set sail at five in the morning.

Friday Morning, July 3.—A beautiful day; now half-past five. A favourable breeze has sprung up and we must be off. The sea is very fine, and if ever there can be a sail without danger, ours must be so. I wrote above that the cliffs here were not higher than those at Mundsley, but I find on inquiry they are higher —some of them 360 feet from the sea.

9 *o'clock.*—We came on board at six; several other packets were preparing to sail. The one we are in is a very neat vessel, properly fitted up for passengers; cabin furnished with beds. The day being fine, the wind moderate, and the sea smooth, there is no probability of any of us being sick. We took some provision on board from the Ship tavern at Dover, but though most exorbitantly dear, tongue 4*s.* and chicken 2*s.* 6*d.*, they were not eatable, therefore the Captain favoured us with some tea, though not very good. I drank a basin of it. The coast of France now lies before us.

Calais.—At twelve o'clock we set foot on the French shore, which is flat, and the beach

very sandy. We were becalmed about four miles from Calais, but a pilot boat came out to us and we were rowed into the harbour by five merry and active Frenchmen. One had an earring in his ear, another a ring on his finger. A number of waiters from different inns met us; we preferred the Silver Lion, and the waiter immediately marched before us. As we went we soon found a difference in the appearance of the people, especially of the women. Those of the lower class seem uncommonly strong and muscular; their legs are quite naked, with neither shoe nor stocking; and those who have shoes and stockings have petticoats no less short, but they are used to it, and do not blush. We were stopped at the Bureau, or Custom House, to write our names in a book which is shown to the chief magistrate. Calais is a better place than I expected, and I am still more surprised at the populousness of the place; at least the streets are full, perhaps because it is a fine day. A girl is just come into the room, dressed, I suppose, as the girls here have been for many years—a cap with two wings or blinkers, the hair little seen, no curls on the sides or hang-

ing locks behind. Her jacket, too, is singular, but I cannot describe it. She has two long pendants at the ears, a necklace, and a shining cross in front. The carriage and trunks are not yet arrived, nor will they be till to-morrow, so we must stay here all night, but hope to have no more obstacles after to-day. We dined here at three o'clock, had mackerel dressed *à la Française*; the other dishes English, the beer bad, but the French wine good, and the Burgundy excellent. About six we walked to the port to see our packet come in. Much company on the Jetty, many boys bathing; they asked for *un petit fardin*; women were fishing. . . . Walked on the ramparts, where we saw three regiments of soldiers, fine, strong fellows; when on guard very clean, but at exercise not so neat as English soldiers. They did not all wear the same coloured stockings. There was a large crucifix near one of the gates and several women praying before it. The streets were crowded, and great numbers were returning from the country before the gates were shut; some smart women well-dressed *à l'Anglaise*. After our supper we walked by moonlight on the ramparts, and

were stopped by a soldier who called out *tournez.* The streets still full of walkers, particularly women and children, all gay and cheerful. The population is considerable, consisting of 11,000 inhabitants, besides soldiers, sailors, and strangers. I shall write very often, but it must be uncertain whether you can receive my letters regularly. Pray continue your walks every evening. If it be as fine with you as it is here, I am sure you must enjoy it much after the bad weather. Is the hay up? and is that behind the house begun to be cut? God bless you. E. R.

Lisle: Sunday Morning, five o'clock, July 5, 1789.

My dear Loves,—We are just risen, and a very unusual, and to us new scene is before us. We are at Lisle, in French Flanders—at the principal inn, Hotel de Bourbon, in a room which looks into the market. There is scarcely an object but what differs entirely from those I have been accustomed to. In Norwich, at this hour, one perhaps might see here and there a single person walking through the market, here it has been crowded for an hour or two. Men and women, soldiers,

chaises, and waggons going backwards and forwards—some, I believe, going to church, others coming to market—many I suppose walking for the sake of the air merely. I can see hundreds of women, but all without hats. But I must return to Calais. We left it yesterday at six o'clock; we had two French postilions and six horses, or rather five horses and a mule. These animals are here in a state of nature, with long tails, long manes, rough heels, and the harness made of ropes. An Englishman, therefore, is sure to abuse them; but we found they went very well, a steady pace, about seven miles an hour, without being whipped or seeming much fatigued. The postilions, indeed, have whips which they crack very loudly, throwing them dexterously backwards and forwards over their heads; but they use them as the guards do the horns on the mail coaches in England, to give notice, when near a town, to make way for the *Poste royale*; for all the posts here belong to the King. We were told to expect nothing but rough paved roads. They are paved in some places, but in others as good as English turnpikes. Very near Calais the

country is flat, and there is a good deal of pasture land, but full of small villages and cottages. Trees are everywhere planted on each side—willows, elms, Lombardy poplars, &c. The most striking character of the country through which we passed yesterday is its astonishing fertility. We went through an extent of seventy miles, and I will venture to say there was not a single acre but what was in a state of the highest cultivation. The crops are great beyond any conception I could have had of them—thousands and ten thousands of acres of wheat superior to any which can be produced in England; oats extraordinarily large. There is also an immense quantity of beans, a good deal of flax, some tobacco, and woad (*Isatis tinctoria*). We were told at Calais of the scarcity of corn, but there is no appearance of it here. To behold the face of this country one would suppose a scarcity could never take place; but when we come into the towns the crowds are so immense that a prodigious quantity of corn must be consumed. We passed through St. Omer at ten o'clock, a large, strongly fortified town of 24,000 inhabitants. We called at a

convent to see Miss Hatfield—a poor place. The roads are not only planted with trees, but in some places, for miles, are in straight lines, which is not very pleasant. They go on in a line from one village to another, so that when we leave one we immediately see the church of another at the extremity of the vista. The roads were full of people, carriages, carts, waggons, &c. The general appearance of the people is different to what I expected; they are strong and well made. We saw many most agreeable scenes as we passed along in the evening before we came to Lisle; little parties sitting at their doors; some of the men smoking, some playing at cards in the open air, and others spinning cotton. Everything we see bears the mark of industry, and all the people look happy. We have, indeed, seen few signs of opulence in individuals, for we do not see so many gentlemen's seats as in England, but then we have seen few of the lower classes in rags, idleness, and misery. What strange prejudices we are apt to take regarding foreigners! I will own I used to think that the French were a trifling, insignificant people, that they were meagre in their

appearance, and lived in a state of wretchedness from being oppressed by their superiors. What we have already seen contradicts this,[1] the men are strong and athletic, and the face of the country shows that industry is not discouraged. The women, too—I speak of the lower class, which in all countries is the largest and most useful—are strong and well-made, and seem to do a great deal of labour, especially in the country. They carry great burdens, and seem to be employed to go to market with the produce of the fields and gardens on their backs. An Englishwoman would, perhaps, think this hard, but the cottagers in England are certainly not so well off; I am sure they do not look so happy. These women, with large and heavy baskets at their backs, have all very good caps on, their hair powdered, earrings, necklaces, and crosses. We have not yet seen one with a hat on. What strikes me most in what I have seen is the wonderful difference between this country and England. I don't know what we may think by-and-by, but at present

[1] 'Observe that this was written in French Flanders.' —Note by Dr. Rigby.

the difference seems to be in favour of the former; if they are not happy, they look at least very like it. We came to Lisle at eight o'clock in the evening, and were, as usual, astonished at the crowds in the streets. This is a very large place, the capital of French Flanders, and the residence of many genteel families. It is a fortified town with many soldiers, about 10,000, well-dressed and good-looking fellows. We have had an excellent breakfast with coffee. A valet de place attended us to the citadel. The fortifications are strong and extensive, with gardens in the ditches, cultivated by the soldiers with vegetables. The soldiers are very clean; so far from being meagre and ill-looking fellows, as John Bull would persuade us, they are well formed, tall, handsome men, and have a cheerfulness and civility in their countenances and manner which is particularly pleasing. They likewise look very healthy; great care is taken of them. It began to rain, and we took a coach and went to St. Peter's Church during mass. The building, the rich ornaments of the priests, the music, &c., were very striking. The musical instru-

ments were principally basses and double basses, serpents, &c., but no organ; being very loud they think it would injure the building. We have also been to two convents, at one of them the nuns were at mass; a very melancholy sight in my opinion, yet they did not seem unhappy. I had an unsealed letter from Mr. Suffield to the Abbé Moore, but it contains such extravagant praises of me that I had not the impudence to deliver it. The shops were now all open, and the people as busy as on another day. Sunday, indeed, seems to differ only in having more amusement. Religion, one would think, is little understood—the people said their prayers with great indifference and hurry, appearing eager to finish them. Had they a little more devotion in the churches, I should much approve the gay and cheerful manner in which their Sundays are spent, for I am sure it contributes to their happiness.

Chantilly: Tuesday Morning, July 7, 1789.

My dear Loves,—My last was dated from Lisle, which we left at two o'clock, and about six o'clock were at Douay, where Master

Pitchford is. His college[1] is a very excellent one, and Mr. Gibson, the president, to whom I had a letter, a very polite and sensible man. Douay is an university, and contains as many scholars as Oxford. Like the other towns, it was full of inhabitants; it is fortified and well built. Between Lisle and Douay were many parties merrily dancing in the evening. Cambray was the next town; another very large and fortified place; many old houses, but also many good buildings. There was a large one erecting in the *Grande Place* as large as Somerset House.[2] Cambray is an archbishop's see, and in the cathedral is shown the tomb of the celebrated Fénélon, author of 'Telemachus.' We visited this by candlelight, owing to the importunity of a Frenchman who stood near the door of the hotel. We had reason to thank him for his importunity. The cathedral[3] is here beyond description grand, if the most massive silver can make it so. We supped and lodged here. We like the French living much; their cooking is

[1] The English college.

[2] The present Hotel de Ville.

[3] The Cathedral at Cambray and the tomb of Fénélon were both destroyed in 1793.

admirable; such fricassees as would delight a Norwich alderman. Yesterday we travelled more than ninety miles with perfect ease; the roads are most excellent, the horses are good for travelling, I really think better than the English, but they are all rough, with long manes and tails, and no trimmed or cropped ears, which I believe makes the English abuse them. We passed through a most delightful country, for here it begins to be more varied than in Flanders. The cultivation of this country is indeed incredible, we have travelled 200 miles through it, and not seen an inch but which is highly cultivated and fertile. The agriculture is chiefly done by women. All the land is weeded by hand. They sow carrots with wheat, and draw up the stubble by hand, leaving a tolerable crop of carrots; an extraordinary instance of industry. I am sure these people have the means of happiness; everything we see bears the marks of industry and cheerfulness. The women we saw yesterday are much handsomer than those we before noticed. At a place called Royes they are indeed strikingly beautiful, and almost every woman we saw might

be an object of admiration. Their dress is charmingly simple, their heads very neatly covered; their faces full of sweet smiles—they seem to have the simplicity of nature and innocence. They told us the water is so good at Royes that it makes them all handsome. We opened the landau to-day, and for the last twelve miles passed through a forest which has been planted many centuries ago by the hand of Nature. It belongs to the Prince de Condé, cousin to the King, and is the undisturbed residence of deer, wild boar, pheasants, and all kinds of game. It brought us to the Palace of Chantilly, which is not unworthy of such an approach. France seems to be a wonderful country: I wish you were all here with me to enjoy the variety of pleasures it is likely to afford me. I am sure travelling is capable of affording more than amusement; it is the greatest source of information and improvement, and is the only thing that can remove prejudices, which, I begin to think, exist as plentifully among my countrymen as elsewhere. But I must conclude.

Your affectionate, E. R.

Paris : Thursday morning, July 9, 1789.

My dear Loves,—I resume from Tuesday. After breakfast we went to visit the Prince de Condé's château and gardens. The latter are very extensive, but are laid out in a very bad taste: long, straight walks, pieces of water artificially confined by stone walls—cascades, rocks, fountains, &c., which cost a great deal of money, but produce no effect, being unnatural and very ill-placed. There are some capital trees, the production of Nature only, the largest black poplars I ever saw. The château, or palace, is a large pile of stone building : it is actually placed in the water. It contains some truly magnificent apartments, but throughout the whole too much gilding and finery. There is also a Museum of Natural History, which gave us much pleasure; the minerals are extremely well arranged. Monsieur Bomare, a celebrated naturalist, who has written many things, has the care of this valuable treasure; he was there, and finding we were English and knew something of mineralogy, was very attentive to us. . . . The stables belonging

to this palace are more magnificent than the house. They were full of English horses, of which the Prince is very fond. Chantilly upon the whole is a charming place. The vast woods round it, and the open parks which are accessible to everybody, are charming spots. The Régiment de Provence passed through Chantilly on Tuesday, on its way to Paris—a fine regiment, but the men seemed a little tired. We arrived at Paris on Tuesday evening, and were not detained by the *commis* at the gate, but gave him 2*s.* 6*d.*

Though in the course of our journey from Calais we went seldom more than one hundred yards without seeing some people, yet when we approached Paris we did not observe the crowds which fill the roads in the vicinity of London; but the streets make up for it, being everywhere full of carriages and persons walking. We took lodgings at the Grand Hotel of the Palais Royal—much like Osborne's in London, where we were when we returned from Bath, but I think dearer and cleaner. We also hired a coach for the week at five louis. We walked in the Palais Royal, which is a large square lately built by

the Duke d'Orléans, full of shops. The square in the middle is divided by trees into walks, which were full of people. Our first visit was to Mr. Dallas, a polite and intelligent man, who went with us to many places we could not have thought of. We saw the manufactory of tapestry at the Gobelins, where the most valuable paintings are accurately copied in worsted. The colours of the worsted are beautifully vivid and all dyed in an adjoining office, where I observed to the workmen that I supposed their excellent method of dyeing was a secret. They said it was not so : their only art consisted in cleanliness and accuracy. 'Every article is carefully weighed and measured, and our implements,' pointing to the coppers, &c., 'are clean.' Amongst others there was an admirable copy of Raphael's celebrated School of Athens. The churches we visited were modern buildings, none so large as St. Paul's. We dined at a coffee-house in the Palais Royal, rather cheaper than in London, and in the evening went to the Théâtre Italien. The form of the house is different to those in London; like an amphitheatre ; the entrance and differ-

ent approaches to the boxes were very commodious, and superior to those in London, but it was not so well lighted, nor the company so well dressed. Two pieces were acted, the first was *Le petit Souper de Famille*, very insipid but full of sentiment, and the French applauded it highly: the other was *Richard Cœur de Lion*, some good songs in it, and better acting. It was very instructive to observe the accurate pronunciation of the words, and even of the syllables, so that with the help of a book we could very well understand. We afterwards walked to the Boulevards; these are much frequented walks which surround the city; there are many good houses on them.

July 9. We visited the church of Notre Dame, a very beautiful Gothic building, richly ornamented, with many chapels and paintings, and much fine carving in wood in the choir. From the top of this church we had a complete bird's-eye view of Paris—not so large as London, but the buildings being of stone, and white, the effect is more striking. We have now seen enough of Paris to be convinced that it is not that dirty, ill-built,

inconvenient place, which our ill-tempered countrymen have described it. There are more magnificent buildings than in London; all the places worth seeing are likewise more accessible than in London; it costs less to be admitted, and many may be seen without paying anything. The people, too, are very communicative. I own, I am disposed to think very highly of this people. Everyone is talking politics. Papers are sold at the corners of the streets, and large parties are constantly in the Palais Royal, earnestly talking. '*Les Tiers États*' is the popular cry. In the morning our carriage was stopped by some men, who were paving the street. On looking in, they said, '*Laissez-les passer; ils sont Messieurs des Tiers États.*' We are to go to Versailles in a few days, where we expect to hear the Debates in the National Assembly, which will be a great gratification at so very important a period. After seeing Notre Dame, we visited the Arsenal, but could not get permission to see the Place d'Armes. The celebrated M. Lavoisier[1]

[1] This great man was guillotined in the prime of his life, May 1794.

lives in a handsome hotel near. I had a letter to him, from Dr. Priestley, but he was engaged on urgent business. In the arsenal, nitre is purified for gunpowder, under the direction of M. Lavoisier. We saw some beautiful crystals of nitre. We thence went to the manufactory of plate glass, which is a most extensive business. We saw plates of a very large size, and the application with tin the same as in England, but being on a larger scale, it seems to be done with more accuracy. We also saw the Bastille, a formidable building. We dined at a *table d'hôte*, and had an excellent dinner, with wine and fruit, at 1*s.* 8*d.* each. In the evening, we went again to the Théâtre Italien, and saw Madame du Gazon, in the *Barbe bleue.* It was altogether a fine specimen of the bad taste of the French drama; but Madame du Gazon has certainly great power, and a fine voice. She managed the shriek on opening the closet door, and seeing her predecessors hanging, admirably well. We supped with Mr. Dallas, and walked in the Palais Royal, between eleven and twelve; it was full of people, agitated and talking politics.

July 10. We visited the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, an admirable establishment. We also went to the Hôtel-Dieu, which is very dirty and crowded, containing 8,000 patients. The best ward is for stone patients. In the evening we went to the Opera. Some of the scenes were showy, and we saw extraordinary dancing by Vestris, but the whole was tedious and uninteresting. We are all perfectly well, and have found no inconvenience of any kind since we left England, except bugs, of which my companions complain, but I have escaped entirely.

Yours affectionately, E. R.

Paris : Monday morning, July 13, 1789.

My dear Loves,—Lest any alarming accounts of the unhappy commotions which have taken place in this city should have reached you before you receive this, I must begin my letter with assuring you, that we are all perfectly safe and quite out of harm's way. I need not inform you of the unsettled state in which the French Government has been for some time. After various disputes

which have subsisted between the popular party and the friends of the old establishment, a very serious disturbance took place yesterday.

A favourite minister, M. Necker, retired on Saturday, and as soon as it was known in Paris the popular party, who had for some time past daily assembled in the Palais Royal, met in large bodies, and sent a deputation to all the theatres and places of public amusement, which, it being Sunday, were all open, to request they would not exhibit, as they conceived the friends of freedom had received a severe blow by the departure of the minister. For about a week, large bodies of troops have entered Paris, and encamped themselves in a plain within the city; but many of them left the camp and came to the populace, and took an oath, that whatever should happen, they would not fire on their countrymen. About seven last night, an alarm was spread that some soldiers had attacked a party of the citizens. This was unfortunately believed, and it was resolved that they should arm themselves, and request

that the soldiers favourable to them should incorporate themselves with them. This was soon done, but, as you may believe, in so tumultuous a manner as to alarm the peaceable citizens. A great number of the soldiers did join them, and they have been parading the streets all night; some mischief they say has been done, from the confusion of crowds. We have heard a great deal of noise, but there can be no danger to those who are within doors, and it is hoped that a few hours will restore peace; for great confidence is placed in the National Assembly, who met yesterday as soon as it was known that M. Necker was gone. I am not able to give any opinion as to the present state of politics. All that I can do is to lament that an enlightened and amiable people should be involved in public calamities. You may rely on our discretion with regard to ourselves; we have all left friends in England whom we love too well to risk anything for the sake of gratifying what to us must be mere curiosity. We hope to leave Paris to-day, and shall write from the next post; but as the posts are very irregular, don't be frightened if you should not hear

immediately. I must again repeat that we will take care of ourselves. God bless you.

E. R.

Paris : Thursday morning, July 16, 1789.

My dear Loves,—Having this moment heard that there is a chance of a letter going to England, I wish to inform you, that we are perfectly well, and have received no other inconvenience from the present unhappy state of Paris than being delayed a few days longer than we proposed. I have not yet had your letters, and they are probably gone to Lyons. Be assured that we will take care of ourselves ; there is every reason to believe all danger is over from this time.

Yours affectionately, E. R.

Paris : Saturday morning, July 18, 1789.

My dear Loves,—The interruption of the post, occasioned by the late disturbances in this city, may probably have prevented your receiving several of my letters. I hope, however, that the last, which I wrote on Thursday, will have arrived, and that you will have become easy with respect to me.

I have been witness to the most extraordinary revolution that perhaps ever took place in human society. A great and wise people struggled for freedom and the rights of humanity; their courage, prudence and perseverance have been rewarded by success, and an event which will contribute to the happiness and prosperity of millions of their posterity, has taken place with very little loss of blood, and with but few days interruption to the common business of the place. The particulars of this wonderful event, which I have been witness to, have made a lasting impression on my mind, and it will be among my greatest pleasures when I return to give you a detail of them. Before we came to Paris we had sufficient proof that the French were not that ignorant and trifling people which our countrymen have so often represented them. Nothing could more effectually have confirmed this opinion than the scene which has been before us for the last six days. Such presence of mind, such cool intrepidity, such an admirable arrangement, such care to prevent disturbances in the streets, and such

general attention and kindness to strangers, were never, perhaps, before exercised at one time by so many thousand persons, suddenly called to arms on an occasion, of all others, the most likely to call forth the ruder and more violent passions. I shall always feel the strongest partiality for the people, and I hope that in no future time the wrong-headed politics of our country will oblige us to consider them as our enemies. To the eye of the moralist and philosopher the prospect of the effect of this Revolution on science, manners and human happiness, can but be most gratifying. The population of this country is so great, and the inhabitants, even when living under many disadvantages, have given such proofs of their industry and ingenuity, that it is inconceivable to what a height of improvement with regard to knowledge and wealth they will arrive when they are at liberty to exercise the powers of the mind, and secure to enjoy its fruits. We have been detained here a week longer than we expected, and this will prove a little inconvenient on our future journey. But all this is compensated by the satisfaction of having been here at a

period of such extraordinary importance. We are very well. I hope I shall soon be able to resume the narrative of our journey. Write to me at Geneva, *poste restante.*

Yours affectionately, E. R.

(The last letters show that my father had not time, or did not think it prudent, to enter into the details of what he had witnessed till he should have quitted France. He and his companions left Paris on July 19, and travelled, *viâ* Lyons, Marseilles, Nice, and over the Col di Tenda to Turin, returning over the Mont Cenis to Geneva, whence, in a long letter, dated August 11, he addressed to his family a circumstantial account of his experience during the critical days in Paris. I divert this letter from its place as to real date, feeling that it may be more properly inserted here. I have also interpolated it with passages from a brief journal he kept, whenever I have felt that this journal either contributes fresh interest to the narrative, or is more interesting than the letter itself.)

My dear Loves,—The general circum-

stances which led to the late revolution in France, and the principles which actuated the people in effecting it, you are probably in some measure acquainted with; but many events which immediately preceded this extraordinary change in the government must be totally unknown to you, and even those you may have read some account of in the English papers, I have reason to think have been very imperfectly related. To supply in some degree this deficiency, and to fulfil a promise I made to you in some of my former letters, I shall give you a hasty sketch of what I was in part a witness of, and of what I in part received from report in Paris, in the already memorable period between the 10th and 19th of the last month.

We arrived in Paris at the beginning of July. Some time previous to this, symptoms of agitation in the public mind had appeared throughout the whole of France; a general discontent, by degrees more and more loudly expressed by the people, had manifested itself; a disposition also to hazard extreme measures for obtaining redress from the burden of taxes, and the oppressions of the

Government had been too repeatedly and unequivocally declared by the great mass of society not to be understood by the Court [1] of France. Partial disturbances in different provinces had already been the consequence of this state of the public mind; and Paris being the focus which received the rays reflected from every spot in that extensive country, and Versailles the residence of the King and the more immediate seat of government, each were more particularly the scenes of these popular agitations.

One of the most considerable of them took place at Versailles, a fortnight before our arrival. Necker had been dismissed by the

[1] Mr. Croker, in his 'Essays on the French Revolution,' ridicules the idea of ascribing the malgovernment of France to the Court, and treats it as a vulgar catchword to incriminate an innocent and humane monarch, whom this same Court readily forsook. But it must be remembered that the long dominant and execrable system, by which France had been ruled, had deeply imbued the popular mind with that conviction, and that the whole Revolution turned upon it. They had had reason sufficient to believe that the Noblesse, the Court, and the Government were one and the same power, and that power the source of all their miseries. In the words of Taine, 'La Cour était le tombeau de la Nation.' ('Origines de la France cotemporaine,' p. 93.) It was in this popular sense that my father used the word, it being the sense in which he found it used.

mistaken policy of the Court, who falsely and fatally thought itself in most danger when it retained a minister who had the reputation of being a friend to the popular cause. On this event being known at Paris a large body of the people proceeded to Versailles, and approached the palace with loud demands for the restoration of their favourite minister. The Count d'Artois, who was in the palace, answered in the way most obvious to his comprehension; he ordered the guards to fire upon the people. The guards, however, refused; the people pressed forward, and Louis XVI. with the Queen and the Dauphin came to the window or balcony, where he not only promised that Necker should be restored, but solemnly pledged his royal word that the deliberations of the Assembly should not be disturbed, and that he would impose no taxes without the consent of that body. The people were satisfied with this declaration and returned to Paris, loudly proclaiming the royal goodness and the important concession made to their demands. In the same light was this transaction considered in most parts of France. It was the subject of universal

satisfaction and joy, and was celebrated as a great political event in some places by a public display of festivity. The evening before our arrival at Calais the houses of that city had been illuminated on this occasion, and we were congratulated by the good host of the inn that we should find Paris perfectly free from disturbance.

But our good host, as well as his brethren, were rather too confident in royal promises. They should have recollected that the circumstances under which they were made not a little took from the character of a free-will offering. Necker, however, was restored, but on our way to Paris we found sufficient evidence that the King's promise was not to be fully kept, and we found also persons who had the frankness to avow that it neither would nor ought to be kept. For, in a conversation with an English priest of the Catholic Church, we repeated the congratulations respecting the tranquillity of Paris and the concessions of the King which had been made to us at Calais; his answer was, that he knew nothing of the King's promises, but he knew what the intentions of the Court were; he

knew that many regiments were hastening to Paris, well provided with artillery, and he doubted not but the people would soon be brought to their senses, and be cured of interfering with what did not belong to them. At Lisle, Cambray, and Chantilly, we passed several regiments marching to Paris, and on our arrival we found they had been pouring in for several days from all quarters; that military arrangements were making in and round Paris, and that a very large camp was formed in the very centre of the city. These unequivocal marks of the royal intention not to keep his word already produced not only agitation in Paris, but occasioned a spirited address from the National Assembly to the King. They demanded why troops were assembled at Paris and Versailles; they feared the freedom of debate in the Assembly would be destroyed by the near approach of an armed force, and were persuaded that one of the causes of popular discontent at Paris, which was the scarcity of bread, would not be lessened by the introduction of so many thousand soldiers into the city.

An evasive and cautious answer was given

to this address; the motive assumed by the King for collecting troops round Paris was merely to suppress popular tumult, and preserve the peace of the city. We had not been long in Paris when we found that the Palais Royal, a large square lately built by the Duke of Orleans, was the place where all political intelligence was to be obtained; for it was here all persons assembled who took a part in the great political drama—here that political questions were first discussed—and popular resolutions formed and arrangements made; here, as well, that the earliest communications from the National Assembly, which holds its sittings at Versailles, twelve miles from Paris, were received, and that the printed debates of the Assembly were first circulated. Finally, it was here also that newspapers of a kind before unknown under the monarchy began to show themselves; and that the multifarious publications on the various political subjects which, day after day, issued from every quarter, first obtained a reading. To this place was our attention most directed, and to enable us to be frequent witnesses to these transactions we took lodgings at an

hotel contiguous to it. We rose early in the morning and found the Palais Royal crowded at an hour when, even in London, the streets would have been empty. The French, everywhere, are in the habit of very early rising. We found it so at Calais, and, as I before told you, we particularly observed it at Lisle. But their early rising at Paris had now an additional motive. The debates of the Assembly and the various transactions of the preceding day and evening were printed during the night, and made their appearance at the break of day, and thus with the diffusion of the light of heaven spread intelligence of the most interesting kind; and the Palais Royal being the centre of communication, it became in consequence crowded at the first dawn of day. It was peculiarly interesting to observe the impression on the multitude at this moment, the eagerness of the crowd to procure these papers, and the several discussions which instantly took place among the different classes who composed the crowd and who were divided into many motley groups, each distinguished by one or two orators. The address of the Assembly to the

King had just been read when we entered the square, and also the spirited debate on the King's answer. Mirabeau had been distinguished in both of these, and especially in the latter; the whole place resounded with his praise, and the warmest tribute of applause was paid to the Assembly for its firmness. A second address was voted by the Assembly, but the Court having made further progress in their military arrangements the King proportionately abated of his gentleness and caution; to the third address, which was couched in strong terms of manly remonstrance, he replied in the insolent language of royal security. He had been induced to believe that a sufficient military force had arrived in Paris to prevent popular resistance, and thinking the loyalty of his troops could not be shaken, he was directed to say to the Assembly: 'The army is mine, I shall use it according to my will.' Under these circumstances a conflict was inevitable, and symptoms of its near approach multiplied every hour.

Early on Saturday morning (July 11), we went to Versailles, and entered the Assembly—a glorious sight! Everyone was

admitted without difficulty. We were in time to hear La Fayette make the motion for a declaration of rights, which will probably be considered one of the most prominent events in this revolution. His speech was short, but animated and expressive. Lally de Tollendal supported the motion. Neither of them delivered long speeches, but they were received with enthusiastic approbation by the greater part of the Assembly, and by the crowd of auditors who surrounded them. A Curé, habited in the shabby dress of an humble ecclesiastic, but with an expressive and ingenuous countenance, stood near us, and seemed to catch every patriotic sentiment; reiterating his approbation with actions and gestures the most enthusiastic. One of our party having letters to Mirabeau, Target,[1] and some others of the popular characters in the Assembly, we called upon them in the afternoon. Target was the only one at home. He conversed very freely on the state of France. He said that the crisis was fast approaching; that the Court was driven to

[1] Target was a prominent member of the Assemblée Nationale.

an extremity. But he knew they had resolved to get rid of the control of the Assembly, to strike a decisive blow against the growing resistance of the people, and to exonerate themselves from the public debt. 'We,' said he, 'Mirabeau, La Fayette, myself, and others, are all proscribed; but we are sure of the people, and not without a reasonable hope that the army will declare for us. We know the imbecility which prevails in the Court, and the want of vigour in the administration. We therefore,' said this member of the Assembly, 'have great confidence that the struggle will terminate favourably to the people, and though as individuals we must necessarily be exposed to various dangers, yet, as a body, we experience a calmness and confidence which our enemies do not give us credit for, and infinitely more than they themselves possess.'

At this time the Assembly discontinued its sittings on Sunday, and the amusement of that part of the day in which we remained at Versailles was but little political. In the afternoon we walked in the parks, gardens, and woods belonging to the Palace—a fine

country, but the grounds badly laid out. In these walks we saw many members of the Assembly, particularly of the Tiers États in black gowns, conversing apparently with much earnestness. It reminded us of the Athenian groves filled with philosophers. Nor could we see the splendour of the Palace, nor witness the King and Queen going to mass, gazed upon by such a mixed multitude, without adverting in thought to the peculiar situation of the country; nor could we behold the face of Marie Antoinette, and not see symptoms of no common anxiety marked on it. The dignity of countenance which, according to various descriptions, formed at an earlier period of her life a most interesting addition to those charms of natural beauty so profusely bestowed on her, might be said, indeed, to remain, but it had assumed more of the character of severity. The forehead was corrugated, the eyebrows thrown forward, and the eyes but little open, and, turning with seeming caution from side to side, discovered, instead of gaiety or even serenity, an expression of suspicion and care which necessarily much abated of that beauty for

which she had once with truth been celebrated.[1] . . . . . As I gazed upon her my attention was diverted by a whisper from one of the gens d'armes who attended in the church and made room for me on the side of one of the pillars; for he asked me if I came from Paris that day, and whether a tumult was not expected. I said I believed not, he said it was certainly at hand, and his countenance and manner by no means marked his disapprobation. After church we were to have seen the large collection of pictures in the Palace, but the intelligence thus obtained, and the fact that soldiers were marching hastily to Paris, induced us to return thither early. It was fortunate that we set out at once, for before night the intercourse between the two cities was stopped, and on our way we passed two regiments of infantry, marching and sweating with hasty steps. On our arrival we found only the same kind of agitation we had witnessed before. We dined quietly with Mr. Dallas, and went with him to the Théâtre Français. We had scarcely arranged our-

[1] In addition to her anxiety regarding the state of the country, the Queen had lost the first Dauphin by death about a fortnight before.

selves when one of the performers, with a grave face, informed the audience that there would be no performance, and requested them to take back their money at the door. 'Why, why?' was instantly exclaimed from every quarter of the house. 'A deputation of the people,' replied the actor, 'has just been here, and declared that there should be no theatric exhibitions in Paris this night.' We, therefore, immediately quitted the house, and soon learned that Necker had again been dismissed from the administration—that he had set off privately the day before for Geneva, and that an administration of more daring persons had been formed, who had resolved to risk everything to preserve the uncontrolled power of the Court; and our intelligent informer added, 'We all know what is meant to follow; a bankruptcy will be declared to-morrow, and the submission of the people will be secured by the point of the bayonet. This we know is the plan of the Court; we see the military arrangements within our walls, and we also know the cold-blooded calculations which have been made respecting the sacrifice of life which the execution of this may entail, and of the many

thousands of families which will be ruined by the insolvency of the National Treasury.[1] But,' he added with energy, 'the people of France will not submit to it; coercion will not now be borne; Paris will set them an example of courage, and you Englishmen, who have the reputation of loving liberty, will probably soon witness the struggle.'

That we might behold the first emotions excited by this situation, we hastened to the Palais Royal. We were at that moment at a considerable distance from it, and on our way we passed through the gardens of the Tuileries, which were full of well-dressed people walking about, as in St. James's Park, London. These gardens were soon to acquire a new celebrity, as the spot where the revolutionary explosion first took place. There was no appearance of disturbance here, but when we came to the Palais Royal we found the people much agitated. Discussion had become more than ordinarily loud, and dissatisfaction at the conduct of the Court

[1] Necker had first introduced the system of loans, and the French people, then as since, had eagerly deposited their savings with the Government.

more and more clamorous. Suspicion and alarm reciprocally increased each other, and it was evident that impressions of so powerful a nature would soon call forth those passions which, when operating upon large numbers, are so difficult to control. Many of the very persons whom we had before repeatedly seen haranguing groups seemed to be sufficiently aware of this danger, and the whole force of their eloquence was employed to calm the rising fury, and to prevent any indiscreet act of violence which might be considered an excuse for the interference of the military. Forbearance and moderation were recommended as necessary even to the salvation of the people. For a while this excellent advice was attended to, and, after something like discussion, it was resolved to send a deputation of the electors of Paris to the National Assembly, to report the alarming state of the city, and to receive its instructions respecting the measures to be pursued. But discussion was soon at an end, for scarcely had the above resolve been made when the whole mass was agitated afresh by the appearance of a man with a green coat,

whose countenance and manner bespoke the utmost consternation. 'To arms, citizens,'[1] he cried, 'the Dragoons have fired on the people in the Tuileries gardens, and I myself have received a wound,' pointing to his leg. This acted like an electric shock. It was in vain that the orators still attempted to check the rage excited, and that Camille Desmoulins,[2] I think it was, urged the people to be calm. 'The man,' he said, 'might have been sent to excite them to some act of indiscretion. Our good King,' he added, 'could not possibly have ordered his troops to fire on the people.' But the fact was soon unequivocally proved by further testimony, for other persons rushed into the square with the same account, and by a Dragoon's horse which was brought in, its rider having been either killed or wounded. From this moment nothing could restrain the fury of the people; they burst forth into the streets calling *Aux armes—aux armes.* Every house likely to afford any, was immediately entered, the gunsmiths' shops were ransacked, and in a very

[1] The title 'Citizen' appeared in letters as early as 1765.
[2] Guillotined April 1794, along with Danton.

short time the principal streets were filled with a tumultuous populace, armed variously with guns, swords, pikes, spits and every instrument of offence and defence. At half-past nine many crowded into the Palais Royal thus armed, and also carrying torches. The scene became too menacing to make it prudent for persons in our situation to remain in the streets. We returned to the hotel, and went to bed (the night of July 12), but soon rose again. The streets were full of mob and soldiers, with general symptoms of alarm —shouts—firing of arms—the ringing of large bells—the glare of torches—and the appearance of distant fires. Towards morning (July 13), though the streets were still filled with this motley armed multitude, we were able without danger to walk abroad, and we soon learned from several respectable and concurring testimonies the following account of the preceding evening; one of our informants being Mr. Jefferson, the American Resident at Paris, whose house was in the Champs Élysées. About seven in the evening, Prince Lambesc, who commanded a regiment of German Dragoons, suddenly

entered the Tuileries gardens. The commander was attached to the Court, and the soldiers were countrymen of the Queen,[1] and there was an obvious policy in engaging such a regiment in this service. But loyalty and zeal were not alone sufficient. The Prince's ignorance of Paris, it would seem, led him in the outset into a fatal mistake: he mistook the place, the time, and the objects of the

[1] It has been suggested that the name 'Royal Allemand' borne by this regiment was merely a complimentary title, and that the regiment did not really consist of Germans. But there is evidence that the feelings of distrust of the King, both on the part of the National Assembly and of the Parisian populace, were greatly aggravated by the fact that regiments consisting of foreign troops were stationed both at Versailles and in and round Paris, 'Toujours des troupes, et des troupes étrangères, des Pandours (Hungarians), des Suisses, tant à Paris qu'aux environs.'—*Moniteur*, du 1er au 4 Juillet, 1789. And again, 'Cependant, de nouveaux régiments arrivent toujours des frontières, et on remarque avec inquiétude qu'ils sont la plupart Suisses, Allemands, Irlandais.'—*Moniteur*, du 4 au 6 Juillet, 1789. These precautions, if so intended, were of no avail, for the German soldiers mutinied in the hour of trial no less than the Gardes Françaises. The 'Ancien Régime,' which gave promotion and distinction only to the privileged orders, had by these means alienated the great body of the army, and thus prepared the way to the Revolution. Arthur Young, *à propos* of toy-drums, which he observed were the fashion for the children of the bourgeois class, says, 'Why a drum? Have they not had enough of the military in a kingdom where they are excluded from all the honours, respect, and emoluments that flow from the sword?' p. 117.

attack. The Palais Royal should have been the place, and the crowds occupying it obviously the persons, and he certainly should not have drawn his sword until there had been a sufficient time for the report in the change of administration to have operated with its fullest impression on the minds of the Parisians; in which case he would probably have had the, not to be calculated, advantage of an aggression on the part of the people. It would also have been contended by the Court that the military had acted only in self-defence. But, as I before said, he made the Tuileries gardens the scene of action, and its crowds of gay citizens the subjects of his attack: persons who were the least likely of any to trouble their heads about politics, and who probably knew nothing of the sudden change of administration. Against this crowd he led his troops, and with not less folly than cowardice commanded the people to disperse, and enforced his commands by a sudden discharge of musketry. The terrified multitude fled in all directions, and the middle of the square was suddenly cleared of all but a feeble old man, whose

infirmities denied him the power of running. Against this single defenceless individual the cowardly Prince lifted up his arm, and either desperately wounded or killed him with one stroke of his sabre.[1] This detestable action roused the indignation of the crowd, many of whom having in some measure secured themselves from the further pursuit of the dragoons, by ascending a considerable pile of stones collected on one side of the square for some large building, they recovered a little from their panic, and the spot furnishing them, at least, with one kind of weapon, they hurled the stones at the soldiers, dismounting some, and wounding others. The whole regiment, with the Prince, retreated at the first effort of resistance on the part of the people; the consequence, probably, either of a want of firmness on the part of their commander, or still more probably of a reluctance on the part of the troops to act on so odious a service. The Tuileries ceased from this time to be the scene of action, and the troops for several hours were dispersed inactively through

[1] The old man, according to other accounts, was not killed, for the Prince struck him with the flat of his sword.

different parts of the city, and concealed by the obscurity of the night; but the roused spirit of the indignant inhabitants, and more especially the fury of the now incensed populace, with arms in their hands, were not likely to be quiescent. Under these feelings every object which reminded them of the Court excited fresh indignation, and the different emblems of royalty which decorated many parts of Paris became objects of the grossest insult. The barriers of the city were at once custom-houses for the receipt of heavy duties, and guard-houses, imposing irksome, or at least mortifying, restraints on the passage in and out of Paris; they were also the King's houses, and as such were attacked by the populace and burnt, the burning of these being the fires we had distinguished in the night.

It was said that the Prince de Lambesc attempted to save these buildings, and once more appeared against the people; and was again obliged to retreat, either because his troops were still averse to the service, or that other soldiers, as was strongly reported, had

joined the people.[1] The Prince escaped, but his coach was seized, and we saw it pass by in triumph. At about eleven o'clock on the Monday (July 13) we went to the Post-office and found all in confusion; one of the clerks in an agony of distress, crying and biting his hands. We also called at Sir John Lambert's, our banker, but could get no cash, the *Caisse d'escompte* refusing to do any business. The populace still continued parading the streets in large bodies. We met one containing at least four thousand going into the Palais Royal, who insisted on our taking off our hats. All the prisons except the Bastille were opened on this day, and we saw one prisoner, Lord Massareene, an Irish nobleman, pass through the streets. He is said to have been a captive twenty-three years; he was dressed in a white frock, like a cook, and had a bar of iron on his shoulders.[2]

[1] Lambesc and his troops, as they rode back, were fired upon by the Gardes Françaises from their barracks in the Chaussée d'Antin. On the 13th the Gardes Françaises came over to the people in a body, leaving their officers.

[2] The Earl of Massareene was released, July 13, 1789, from the prison of the Châtelet, where he had been confined for debts contracted, according to some accounts, less on his own behalf than by the duplicity of a Syrian adventurer, who

Paris had not before perhaps been in such real danger as on this day, with such numbers of exasperated rabble within its walls, such a formidable army without, and at Versailles an enraged and disappointed Court ready to strike the moment an opportunity should offer of renewing the attack. Symptoms of general apprehension exhibited themselves, with all the circumstances likely to be produced in a populous and so variously peopled city. Crowds of strangers and even of the inhabitants hastily left Paris; and we would have done the same, but not applying at the post-house for horses sufficiently early, we were told that an order had just been received from the magistrates forbidding anyone to leave the city. Business of all kinds was immedi-

had persuaded him to give his name to a plan for supplying France with salt. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1789 contains this paragraph: 'Lord Massareene, who was freed from the Châtelet, had nearly been stopped at Calais on Friday. On landing at Dover his Lordship was the first to jump out of the boat; and in the fulness of his joy, and in gratitude to Heaven for his deliverance, immediately fell on his knees, and kissing the ground thrice, exclaimed "God bless this land of liberty."'

Further, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1789 is this entry: 'On August 19, married, Lord Massareene, lately arrived from France, to Madame Borcier, the lady who accompanied him to England.'

ately at a standstill, and the shops shut. These and similar circumstances sufficiently pointed out the degree of alarm which operated on all classes. There were, however, other circumstances, which, though alike the effect of the general apprehension, bespoke good sense and collectedness. The magistrates assembled at the Hôtel de Ville (Town Hall), and the inhabitants of the several districts were called together in the churches, to deliberate upon the measures proper to be taken under circumstances of such peculiar danger and urgency. It was resolved that a certain number of the more respectable inhabitants should be enrolled and immediately take arms; that the magistrates should sit permanently at the Hôtel de Ville, and that committees, also permanent, should be formed in every district of Paris, to convey intelligence to the magistrates and receive instructions from them. This important and most necessary resolution was executed with wonderful promptitude and unexampled good management. It was necessary not only to arm a description of persons who could be relied upon, but to disarm those from whom little

protection was to be expected, and who might become disorderly and mischievous; and the effecting this required considerable address. Early in the afternoon (July 13) we began to perceive among the motley groups of mob who paraded the streets with such symptoms of irritation as must soon have produced excess, here and there a man of decent exterior, carrying a musket, and assuming a respectable military appearance. The number of these gradually increased, and it was evidently their intention at once to conciliate and disarm the irregular band; and this appeared to be principally effected before the evening, at which time the regularly armed citizens almost exclusively occupied the streets, and were divided into different parties, some forming posts of guards at different stations, others patrolling, and all arranged under leaders. About this time some of them began to be distinguished by a cockade, but its colour was green.[1] I should also observe that large

[1] The green cockade originated with Camille Desmoulins, who, addressing the crowd in the Palais Royal, on the reported dismissal of Necker, snatched a few leaves from a tree as a rallying sign. The colour green thus became the badge of the Liberal party, until it was remembered that it was the D'Artois colour; when the tricolour, representing

bodies of citizens, previous to their arming, exhibited themselves in the Palais Royal soon after they had recorded their names at the Hôtel de Ville; and these in several instances consisted of persons of similar occupations, forming something like companies. Not the least numerous, least respectable, and least manly was the company of the *Maîtres Perruquiers*, said to be a thousand of them, each having four or five *garçons*. Many of them were remarkably fine fellows. As these bodies passed through the streets they necessarily inspired confidence and received marks of applause. Whilst *The Barbers' Company*, if I may so express myself, were passing they were particularly applauded, and, catching the same spirit which animated the spectators I called out '*corps gallant.*' I had hardly pronounced these words, when a pale-faced gentleman with long gold pendants at his ears, eyed both the corps and me with no little contempt, and answered my '*corps gallant*' with '*Vermine!*' He was heard by some of

the old Paris city colours, red and blue, joined, some say to the Bourbon, others to the Constitutional white, drove it from the field, and gave rise to the too famous revolutionary cockade.

the multitude, who would have resented this reproach, and probably not in the gentlest way, had not the gentleman been alert. He saw his danger, and slipped hastily into one of the passages which led to the Palais Royal, and lost himself in the crowd. As night came on, very few of the persons who had armed themselves the preceding evening were to be seen. Some, however, had refused to give up their arms, and proved in the course of the night how just were the suspicions of the inhabitants concerning them, for they began to plunder; but it was too late to do it then with impunity. They were soon discovered and apprehended, and we were told the following morning that several of these unhappy wretches who had been taken in the act had been executed.

This disarming the populace and establishing a well-armed military body of citizens, may be considered as one of the most important steps which could have been taken by the Parisians at this period of the revolution, and the extraordinary address and temper they discovered in doing it will probably ever be mentioned with admiration. The following

morning (July 14) sufficiently exhibited the good effects of it. By means of public criers and by handbills (placards), fixed in different parts of the city, the magistrates informed the inhabitants of the important arrangements that had been made; that there was a very ample supply of provisions in the city; that the great corn hall (*Halle de Blés*) was well stored with flour and wheat; that a sufficient quantity of arms and ammunition had been obtained; and that the number of persons who had taken up arms was fully sufficient for the defence of the city. It was therefore recommended that the citizens should pursue their usual occupations, and that the shops should be opened; the country people and gardeners immediately without the city being encouraged to bring in provisions without fears of molestation. In the streets were no longer seen a rude and threatening populace; it had given place to the citizen soldiers, who became every hour more organised and better prepared, not only to defend the city, but even to undertake an enterprise of no trifling magnitude. We had intended leaving Paris this day at ten o'clock, but were in-

formed at the Poste royale that no persons were permitted to leave the city until the commotion had subsided, and the following note, most beautifully written, was given us. '*Il n'est permis de sortir de la ville, ni avec chevaux de postes, ni d'autres.*' We also applied to the directors of the post, and to the president and magistrates at the Hôtel de Ville for leave to depart, but were refused. In the course of the forenoon we had been several times into the Palais Royal, which was still filled with the most popular persons who took an active part in the revolution. A Canadian Frenchman, whom we found in the crowd and who spoke good English, was the first who intimated to us that it had been resolved to attack the Bastille. We smiled at the gentleman, and suggested the improbability of undisciplined citizens taking a citadel which had held out against the most experienced troops in Europe;[1] little thinking it would be actually in the hands of the people before night. From the commencement of the struggle on Sunday evening there had

[1] Henry IV. and his veteran army had attacked it in vain in the siege of Paris, 1587–1594.

been scarcely any time in which the firing of guns had not been heard in all quarters of the city, and, as this was principally produced by exercising the citizens in the use of the musket, in trying cannon, &c., it excited, except at first, but little alarm. Another sound equally incessant was produced by the ringing of bells to call together the inhabitants in different parts of the city. These joint sounds being constantly iterated, the additional noise produced by the attack on the Bastille was so little distinguished that I doubt not it had begun a considerable time, and even been completed, before it was known to many thousands of the inhabitants as well as to ourselves. So little indeed did we expect such an event, and such was the apparent security of the streets, that, with a part of my companions, I was induced in the early part of the afternoon to visit the celebrated gardens of the Duke of Orleans, called Monceaux, and this happened to lead us to a part of the city very distant from the Bastille. In our way thither we found, indeed, a regiment of soldiers who had joined the popular party, in a state of considerable agitation—

occasioned by an absurd report that an attempt had been made to destroy the whole regiment by poisoning their bread. On our return two hours later (about five o'clock), we found the same regiment again in motion—the drums were beating to arms, the men were forming, and began a hasty march. On enquiring of some of the soldiers, as well as of the surrounding people, we found that the Bastille had been attacked and that they were going to assist the brave citizens. We felt a desire to get as near the scene of action as was consistent with our personal safety. It was but a little out of our way to call at the hotel, and we were induced to do it because one of our companions had remained there. We had just found him and were preparing to go, when an unusual noise in the Rue St. Honoré and an agitation all around us announced something new. Our servant, who had been in the street, came to us with great haste and eagerness, calling on us to come down. We followed him into the street, and with crowds of all descriptions of persons, summoned by the same circumstances, we ran to the end of the Rue St. Honoré. We here

soon perceived an immense crowd proceeding towards the Palais Royal with acclamations of an extraordinary kind, but which sufficiently indicated a joyful event, and, as it approached we saw a flag, some large keys, and a paper elevated on a pole above the crowd, on which was inscribed '*La Bastille est prise et les portes sont ouvertes.*'

The intelligence of this extraordinary event thus communicated, produced an impression upon the crowd really indescribable. A sudden burst of the most frantic joy instantaneously took place; every possible mode in which the most rapturous feelings of joy could be expressed, were everywhere exhibited. Shouts and shrieks, leaping and embracing, laughter and tears, every sound and every gesture, including even what approached to nervous and hysterical affection, manifested, among the promiscuous crowd, such an instantaneous and unanimous emotion of extreme gladness as I should suppose was never before experienced by human beings. We were recognised as Englishmen; we were embraced as freemen, 'for Frenchmen,' said they, 'are now free as well as yourselves;

henceforward no longer enemies, we are brothers, and war shall never more divide us.' We caught the general enthusiasm, we joined in the joyful shouts of liberty; we shook hands most cordially with freed Frenchmen. For myself I shall ever be proud to remember the emotion that was raised in me at the time; never was a scene more intensely interesting, never were my feelings so truly delightful. The crowd passed on to the Palais Royal, and in a few minutes another succeeded. Its approach was also announced by loud and triumphant acclamations, but, as it came nearer, we soon perceived a different character, and though bearing additional testimony to the fact reported by the first crowd, the impression by it on the people was of a very different kind. A deep and hollow murmur at once pervaded them, their countenances expressing amazement mingled with alarm. We could not at first explain these circumstances; but as we pressed more to the centre of the crowd we suddenly partook of the general sensation, for we then, and not till then, perceived two bloody heads raised on pikes, which were said to be the heads of

the Marquis de Launay, Governor of the Bastille, and of Monsieur Flesselles, *Prévôt des Marchands.*[1] It was a chilling and a horrid sight! An idea of savageness and ferocity was impressed on the spectators, and instantly checked those emotions of joy which had before prevailed. Many others, as well as ourselves, shocked and disgusted at this scene, retired immediately from the streets. We returned to the hotel. The impression we had just received, and the critical state of Paris, were not calculated to inspire us with comfortable reflections. The night approached; the crowd without continued agitated. Reports of a meditated attack upon the city that night by a formidable army under the command of the Count d'Artois and the Maréchal Broglie were in circulation, and gained such credit as to induce the inhabitants to take measures for opposing them. Trees were cut down and thrown across the principal approaches to the city; the streets were unpaved, and the stones carried to the tops of

[1] It was the head of M. de Losmes, the humane Commandant of the Bastille, but M. Flesselles was massacred by the people on the same day.

houses which fronted the streets through which the troops might pass (for the fate of Pyrrhus was not unknown to the French); and the windows in most parts of the city were illuminated. The night passed with various indications of alarm; guns were firing continually; the tocsin sounded unceasingly; groups of agitated citizens passed hastily along, and parties of the *Milice Bourgeoise* (for such was the name already assumed by those who had taken arms the day before) paraded the streets. We had already passed two unquiet nights, but we suffered this night from more than want of sleep. I will confess that my spirits began to flag. I felt our situation becoming a very serious one. I could not but reflect on the danger and mischief which might reach strangers under our circumstances, should the struggle between the Court and the people proceed to still further extremities. I considered myself as in a besieged town, and my imagination readily brought before me the horrors of such a situation. I thought of England, and of my dear connections there, and for a while I was truly miserable. But still the night passed

on without any new sources of alarm; the apprehensions which arose in the evening had not been realised, and by degrees our anxiety became less.

I have often observed to you, when obliged to pass nights of anxiety and fatigue in my professional attendances, and in which it is difficult to say whether body or mind suffers most, that the dawn of day has always refreshed me. Light, I am persuaded, under such circumstances acts as a stimulus, exciting in men, as well as in vegetables, fresh energy. I experienced this cordial effect of the break of day in a very singular degree on this occasion. My mind was very much relieved, and I soon found myself disposed to go down into the streets. I went (July 15), and was led by the sound of an approaching crowd towards the end of the Rue St. Honoré, and I there witnessed a most affecting spectacle. The Bastille had been scarcely entered and the opposition subdued, when an eager search began to find out and liberate every unhappy captive immured within its walls. Two wretched victims of the detestable tyranny of the old Government had just been

discovered and taken from some of the most obscure dungeons of this horrid castle, and were at this time conducted by the crowd to the Palais Royal. One of these was a little feeble old man, I could not learn his history; he exhibited an appearance of childishness and fatuity; he tottered as he walked, and his countenance exhibited little more than the smile of an idiot. The powers of his mind had fallen a sacrifice to his situation, and there cannot surely be a more dreadful effect of captivity than loss of intellect. The other was a tall and rather robust old man; his countenance and whole figure interesting in the highest degree; he walked upright, with a firm and steady gait; his hands were folded and turned upwards, he looked but little at the crowd; the character of his face seemed a mixture of surprise and alarm, for he knew not whither they were leading him, he knew not what fate awaited him; his face was directed towards the sky, but his eyes were but little open. Had he really been, as I was then told, two and forty years shut up in one of those cells where the light of Heaven is denied an entrance, it is easy to explain why

his eyes were so little open. He had a remarkably high forehead, which, with the crown of his head, was completely bald; but he had a very long beard, and on the back of his head the hair was unusually abundant, exhibiting a singularity which had the appearance of a disease not unknown to the human species, called the *Plica Polonica.* It had grown behind to an incredible length, and not having been combed, as was said, during the long period of his confinement, it had become matted together and divided into two long tails, very much resembling the tail of a monkey. These tails, I should suppose, would have nearly reached the ground, but, as he walked, he supported them on one of his arms. His dress was an old greasy, reddish tunic; the colour and the form of the garb were probably some indication of what his profession or rank had been; for we afterwards learned that he was a Count d'Auche, that he had been a major of cavalry, and a young man of some talent, and that the offence for which he had sustained this long imprisonment had been his having written a pamphlet against the Jesuits. And though, some time

after, the Government adopted his very sentiments on the subject, and expelled the Jesuits from France, yet he was suffered to remain in prison, either because he was forgotten, because he had then no friend at Court to petition for his enlargement, or because it was thought impolitic to forgive, more especially where the Court had acted on an error; on the principle so much contended for under the old systems, that Governments should never acknowledge their errors or expose their weakness.[1] Every one who witnessed this scene probably felt, as I did, an emotion which partook of horror and detestation of the Government which could so obdurately as well as unjustly expose human beings to such sufferings; and of pity for the

[1] According to the report of the *Moniteur*, Juillet 24, 1789, seven prisoners in all were released from the Bastille; four of them imprisoned on accusation of forgery, but never tried, and the fifth, M. de Solage, detained for seven years by a *lettre de cachet*, on the part of his father, who had died in the interim. The names of the two prisoners thus conducted through the streets have apparently never been positively ascertained. They are given by the *Moniteur* as M. Tavernier, a prisoner since 1759, and M. Whyte, of whom both the original offence and the term of detention had been forgotten. He had lost his reason, and the same is said by the *Moniteur* of the other prisoner, whom my father was told was a Count d'Auche. But if the incident related further on, p. 94, may be relied on, it is evident that he had retained his senses.

miserable individuals before us. The latter feeling increased as my attention became more fixed upon them; my mind had been softened at least, if not weakened, by the circumstances of the night, and I was less able than usual to check that effect of pity which sometimes produces impassioned grief. Perhaps to some persons I should be ashamed to acknowledge it, but you will not think the worse of me; I was no longer able to bear the sight, I turned from the crowd, I burst into tears.

On my return to the hotel I related the circumstances which had just occurred; my companions came into the street, and, following the crowd into the Palais Royal, I believe, had all a sight of the released prisoners. It was now Wednesday (July 15), and we soon learned that in the night intelligence had been received from several quarters that the King, either from being abandoned by his courtiers, or because he was convinced that under the circumstances it was most prudent so to do, had given up the contest and ordered the troops to be withdrawn which surrounded Paris. At an early hour in the morning this

news was confirmed by the arrival of some members of the National Assembly, who related that, late in the evening, not long after the intelligence of the fall of the Bastille had reached the Palace, the King, with scarcely any attendants, came on foot through the streets of Versailles, and presented himself before the Assembly; throwing himself on their protection, demanding their advice, and promising to be guided implicitly by their decisions.

The magistrates took the earliest and most ready means of diffusing this important and most welcome intelligence through the city. Public criers proclaimed it, and large handbills stuck upon the most conspicuous places announced it. The latter also added that strangers at this time were at liberty to leave Paris, on condition of applying previously to the magistrates at the Town Hall for *passe-ports*, and of not taking away with them either arms or provisions. We felt a wish to take advantage of this permission, and after having consulted with our intelligent guide, philosopher, and friend, Mr. Dallas (for in all these capacities had he acted towards

us), and having accidentally met with a confidential domestic of the Duke of Orleans, who was an Englishman of the name of Smith, and who had shown us some civilities the day before, at the gardens of Monceau—his opinion being that it would be most prudent for us to leave Paris immediately, knowing from his situation that the danger was by no means at an end,—we determined, if practicable, upon setting out before noon. The first necessary step for this purpose was to go to the Hôtel de Ville for a *passe-port*. In our way thither we passed the Place de Gréve —the place of public executions; and near this was the Place des Morgues, a melancholy place indeed, where were deposited not only the bodies of executed criminals, till buried or removed by their friends, but such dead bodies as during the night time were found in the streets, and which were here exposed to be owned by their friends. . . . To this place had been carried the bodies of some of those who had fallen before the Bastille. A crowd which surrounded this place soon directed us to it, and we were induced to take a view of it under these

peculiar circumstances. The mangled bodies were promiscuously thrown together. I should think there were from twenty to thirty bodies. The sight of these was horrid and disgusting, but the sight of some living bodies near them excited a more painful horror. Those who had missed their friends in the night, repaired to this spot, under the dreadful apprehension that they might be among the unfortunate dead. Parents who could not find their sons, wives who had lost their husbands, came to seek them in the Place des Morgues. Several wretched women were here on this painful errand. They were turning over the bodies, and so altered were they by death and the effects of large lacerated wounds, that it was no easy matter to recognise those whom living they would have known by the most transient glance. It became therefore necessary to examine the features and the dress with a degree of minuteness, which to a near relation must have been dreadful indeed. We saw a woman at the moment of discovering her husband or her son; the loudest and most thrilling shriek I have ever heard, though you know I have

heard Mrs. Siddons, was the signal of her discovery. The surrounding crowd felt the shriek, retreated back, and seemed to re-echo it. The woman literally pulled handfuls of hair off her head, then lifted up her hands and eyes to Heaven, with a countenance of such horror as I can neither describe nor even wish to recollect, and fell suddenly on the corpse. We felt the shock; it was too painful, and we retired. This was a scene little calculated to increase our desire of remaining in Paris. We therefore hurried to the Town Hall, for our passports. The magistrates received us with the utmost politeness, expressed the greatest readiness to comply with our request, and, indeed, said they would not refuse it after the public declaration they had made on the subject, but, unless we had very powerful motives for quitting Paris, they advised us not to go that day. The agitation of the people, they observed, was still considerable; they were very suspicious respecting those who were leaving the city, and particularly jealous lest any who had the appearance of *noblesse* should get away. There had also, they further

urged, been scarcely time for the order of the magistrates to be sufficiently known and understood throughout the city, and more especially in the outskirts, to secure us from interruption, or perhaps from insult. But we were impatient to go, and resolved to make the attempt. We therefore received from the magistrates a passport, and a *bon voyage* politely expressed. Our next step was to obtain post horses, and on showing our passport at the post house, horses were without reluctance ordered, but we were requested to accompany the postillions with them to our hotel, where the carriage was, that, if they were stopped, the passport might be shown. We stayed, therefore, while the horses were getting ready, and this gave us an opportunity of witnessing the alertness of Frenchmen on a sudden emergency; for while we were standing in the yard, and amused with seeing the postillions get into, I cannot say put on, their jackboots, a report reached the place that the Court had acted treacherously, and that a body of troops had reached Paris. The postillions instantly jumped out of their boots, ran each for a musket, and in two or

three minutes appeared as military men, and with almost all the other postillions and attendants who had done the same thing, marched into the street, and immediately joining others of their neighbours, formed very soon a respectable armed body. On the supposition that the troops were coming that way, the inhabitants drew carts, and hogsheads, and large pieces of timber into the streets, to blockade the passage. The most animated exertions continued to be made for about a quarter of an hour, when the report was found to be unfounded, and they all returned to their occupations with a gaiety which probably none but Frenchmen could have reassumed so soon after so serious an alarm.

The postillions were soon ready with their horses, and we set off with them. We had scarcely arrived at the end of the first street when we found the necessity there was for our accompanying them; some armed citizens who were parading in that part stopped the postillions, demanding whither they were going. They called to us to show the passport; they were satisfied, and we proceeded.

The same occurred at every place where we found the same description of persons in arms; and such was the distance from the post house to the hotel, that we were stopped five or six times before we arrived there. We considered ourselves now secure of our departure, the horses were put to the carriage, and off we marched. But, alas! we had gone but a little way before we were stopped. Our passport was produced, and after some demur we were suffered to proceed; but it was only to the next guard. There it was again demanded whither we were going and who we were. The passport was again exhibited as our authority, and would probably have again availed us, had not a quick-eyed citizen peeped into the coach and spied out a pair of pistols which had been foolishly placed in the carriage when in London, as a necessary part of travelling furniture. 'You carry arms,' cried he impatiently, 'and it is contrary to the orders of the magistrates.' We answered that it had been done inadvertently, that we had brought them from England merely to guard us from robbers. 'There are none in France,' he replied, 'all the world knows it,

and therefore there is no occasion to carry pistols.' A more benignant-looking mortal, who stood by, observed our embarrassment, and endeavoured to soften his rage. He said it was clear, both from the passport and from our appearance, that we were *véritables Anglais*; that all strangers were entitled to civility, and he should be sorry any one should leave Paris under an impression of ill-treatment. But neither his gentleness nor his good sense availed; the enraged man continued to demand the pistols. It was pretty clear, by way of proving that there were no robbers in France, that he had taken a fancy to them, and we gave them him without reluctance, glad to compromise on such terms for leave to proceed. After this we made a much further progress than before, for the persons on guard happened to be less suspicious. But still we were not free, for before we arrived at the barriers we were stopped effectually; the horses were suddenly turned about, and we were ordered to the Town Hall to be examined. From this moment everything assumed a new aspect. The populace in the streets, who before had been perfectly

quiet, and even the ladies at the windows who, as we passed along, had waved kind adieus to us with their hands and their handkerchiefs, now began to insult us, the one with coarse language, the other with reproaches; but we only suffered the common lot of reversed fortune. Before, we passed along with apparent authority, and perhaps the dash we cut with an English coach and six horses contributed somewhat to the respect which even the ladies expressed towards us. But now we were dragged along with indignity as captives. It was soon known that we were going before the magistrates; we were suspected persons; 'they are *noblesse*,' cried the populace. 'They wanted to run away, but the *scélérats* are catched.' Everywhere looks of indignation and gestures of menace followed us; even the carriage was eyed with contempt, and spat upon. At length we arrived at the Town Hall, and were happy to find the same magistrates we had before seen there. They smiled at our embarrassment, and rallied us on account of the difficulties we had incurred by not attending to their advice; at the same time reproving the persons who

had interrupted us. They gave us a fresh passport couched in still stronger terms, and to secure us more effectually they gave us a guard of respectable and armed citizens. We thanked them, and again took our leave. We instantly found the good effects of the new arrangements, and proceeded unmolested through the streets in a style of military dignity, having at least six armed guards on each side of the carriage, till we arrived at the barrier. Here the carriage stopped, but we supposed nothing unusual in this, for we had been stopped when we entered Paris. The door of the coach was immediately opened, and a man said he must search the trunks. This we supposed was only the old custom, and as was the old custom we offered him a fee. His angry refusal convinced us that he was not one of those who formerly kept the barrier, for we had experienced in the different cities we had passed not a single instance of an officer of a barrier refusing a fee. We therefore all turned out, and the search began; it was finished, however, with every appearance of satisfaction, and we were desired to resume our places. This we did

with light hearts, concluding that all was right. But a very fierce, ill-looking fellow, armed with a musket, soon convinced us to the contrary. He jumped into the carriage, placed himself in the middle of us with his bayonet fixed, and ordered the postillions to drive to the Town Hall.[1] We had again, therefore, to run the gauntlet through the streets, in which we had a still more unpleasant specimen of the popular indignation than before. We were followed with hisses and contemptuous speeches all the way, and when we arrived at the square in which the Town Hall stands we found it so crowded that the carriage could not get up to the hall, and we were obliged to stop in one of the narrow streets which led to the square. Nor would our ill-tempered guard suffer more than one of us to go to the hall with him. It was my fortune to be one of the three who remained in the coach. The crowd around increased very much, and became so exasperated against us that we certainly were in considerable danger of suffering some act

[1] It is to be supposed that the escort they had received took leave of them on arriving at the barrier.

of violence from them, insomuch that it was at one time a matter of deliberation with us whether it would not be most discreet to slip out of the coach and abandon it and its contents to their fury. An incident, however, occurred during this unpleasant detention which relieved us. While the populace was thus giving vent to its indignation, a woman among the crowd, and who had been pretty clamorous against us, suddenly sprang forward towards our servant, who was on horseback behind the carriage, and embraced him, crying out, 'My dear brother, is it you?' He was really her brother, and they had not seen each other for many years. Finding from him who we were, she instantly became our advocate. The sudden and unexpected meeting of persons dear to one another is always interesting, and the French are not backward to receive impressions of sentiment. They felt it on the present occasion, its influence softened them, and we found the good effects of it in their forbearance.

But it was a very long while before our friend returned. The business before the magistrates had multiplied in the interval of

our absence, and it was a considerable time before they could attend to our case. But when an audience was obtained he was again recognised by the gentleman who had before shown us such civility, and the suspicions of the person who had brought us back were not admitted as matter of accusation. We were once more at liberty, and our request being now merely to be safely conducted to an hotel, we once more set off and directed the postillions to go to the Hôtel St. Michel, because it was much nearer than where we were before, and because we were there likely to meet with our good friend, Mr. Dallas. But even in this short passage we were not without our difficulties, for we were stopped by a party on guard within sight of the hotel, who insisted on our turning out and submitting to be searched; which ceremony would have taken place in the street, had not Mr. Dallas, who appeared as opportunely for us as our servant's sister, so far softened the severity of the jack-in-office who commanded the guard as to obtain his leave to have the search take place in the yard of the hotel. But though we were there free from the noise

and insults of the populace, our patience was completely exhausted by the extreme tediousness of this process. Every article in the coach was minutely examined, every paper in our trunks minutely looked through, and our pockets and our persons ransacked. And when we thought all was over, the poor devils of postillions, who had been as much fatigued as ourselves by this ill-fated day's journey, were ordered to strip into buff in the yard, and had every pocket and every part of their dress examined. However, as, after all, no discovery was made to our disadvantage, the gentleman who had given us all this trouble at length took himself off, and, I believe, had even the grace to wish us a goodnight. Once more out of the scrape, we thought it best to reconcile ourselves to a stay in Paris, and wait patiently until more favourable circumstances should admit of our departure. Independent of the revolution, Paris had enough to interest strangers had we been much longer detained, and its political state still furnished ample matter to excite our attention.

The following day, Thursday (July 16), we employed in viewing some of the public

places which I believe I have before mentioned to you, and in receiving further details of those events which we had not personally witnessed. The taking the Bastille being the most extraordinary of these, we were desirous of obtaining an accurate account of it. But, strange as it may seem, scarcely two persons agreed respecting the particulars of it; and the following account I give you only as that which appeared most probable, and which we received from the most respectable quarter.

In the afternoon, a little after four, a large body of armed citizens presented themselves before the citadel, with cannon, demanding the Governor to surrender. He made a semblance of submission by immediately hoisting a flag of truce, and ordering the drawbridge, which communicated with the street, to be let down. The crowd eagerly rushed in, and when about four hundred of them had entered the fosse, the bridge was instantly drawn up, and some invalid soldiers who were upon the ramparts, and who did the duty of the garrison, fired upon them with cannon-shot. This horrid act of treachery could not

but excite the indignation of those who were without. They became infuriated, and their rage was with one consent directed against the drawbridge. Various attempts were made to break the massive chain which supported it, and at length, cannon being planted against it, a ball had the good fortune to strike and cut it. The bridge dropped. Again another crowd impetuously pressed in, and when they were within musket-reach of the platform where the soldiers and cannon were, they all fired upon them, and, as it appeared afterwards, killed every man who stood at the guns. The Bastille cannon, of course, ceased immediately, and the citizens, not knowing the cause, apprehended another snare, but a few of the most daring scaled the walls and rushed forward to the Governor's house. He saw his danger, and set fire to his house with the view of obstructing the approach, and endeavoured to elude the search of the exasperated citizens by retiring to an obscure part of the principal building. A brave soldier, fearless either of high walls or of the fire which was raging, was the foremost in the enterprise, and, gaining the interior of the Bastille,

after a considerable search he found the Governor in a small secret room, lying on a sofa almost in a state of insensibility. He dragged him out and brought him to the populace, where he soon fell a sacrifice to their fury. His head was afterwards taken off and carried about on a pole, as we had seen. The other head, which we before had been told was the head of Monsieur Flesselles, was now said to have been that of the Major Commandant of the Bastille, whose character was a very good one, and whose conduct on this occasion, had the people been sufficiently cool to reflect, was particularly commendable, as he had endeavoured to prevent the firing. Either on the 15th or 16th a Te Deum was performed at the Church of Notre Dame, and some of the brave fellows who were most distinguished in taking the Bastille received civic crowns. This was said to have been a very interesting ceremony, and we much lamented that it escaped our notice. The streets were now much quieter, and exhibited signs of cheerfulness and confidence. But amidst this general appearance of security, means were not neglected to guard against

new dangers, and among these we observed with some surprise that the bourgeois guards were doubled each night after the taking of the Bastille.

It had been reported that the King was to come to Paris on the Thursday (July 16), and great crowds filled the streets through which it was expected he would pass; but his coming did not take place till the Friday (July 17). We were very desirous of witnessing the spectacle of the monarch thus, I might almost say, led captive. The spectacle was very interesting, though not from the artificial circumstances which have usually given distinction to royal processions. The impression made on the spectator was not the effect of any adventitious splendour of costly robes or glittering ornaments,—the appearance of the King was simple, if not humble; the man was no longer concealed in the dazzling radiance of the sovereign. To a philosophic mind it could not but be interesting to reflect, that one of the most populous and best-informed nations in the world was making an effort to regulate civil society, to extend the exercise of man's intellectual faculties, and to reform

the principles of polity and government. We were fortunate in obtaining a situation well calculated to afford a perfect view of the procession. It was on a balcony belonging to Mr. Sykes, in the Place Palais Royal, through which it was to pass to the Rue St. Honoré. The streets were lined with the armed bourgeois, three deep—forming a line, as we were assured, of several miles extent. The procession began to pass the place where we were at a quarter past three. The first who appeared were the city officers and the police guards; some women followed them, carrying green branches of trees which were fancifully decorated; then more officers; then the Prévôt des Marchands and different members of the city magistracy. Many of the armed bourgeois followed on horseback; then some of the King's officers, some on horseback and some on foot; then followed the whole body of the États Généraux on foot, the noblesse, clergy, and Tiers États, each in their peculiar dresses. That of the noblesse was very beautiful; they wore a peculiar kind of hat with large white feathers, and many of them were tall, elegant young men. The

clergy, especially the bishops and some of the higher orders, were most superbly dressed; many of them in lawn dresses, with pink scarfs and massive crosses of gold hanging before them. The dress of the Tiers États was very ordinary, even worse than that of the inferior order of gownsmen at the English universities. More of the King's officers followed; then the King in a large plain coach with eight horses. After him more bourgeois; then another coach and eight horses with other officers of state; then an immense number of the bourgeois, there having been, it was said, two hundred thousand of them in arms. The countenance of the King was little marked with sensibility, and his general appearance by no means indicated alarm. He was accustomed to throw his head very much back on his shoulders, which, by obliging him to look upwards, gave a kind of stupid character to his countenance by increasing the apparent breadth of his face, and by preventing that variation of expression which is produced by looking about. He received neither marks of applause nor insult from the populace, unless

their silence could be construed into a negative sort of disrespect. Nor were any insults shown to the noblesse or clergy, except in the instance of the Archbishop of Paris, a very tall thin man. He was very much hissed, the popular clamour having been excited against him by a story circulated of his having encouraged the King to use strong measures against the people, and of his attempting to make an impression on the people by a superstitious exposure of a crucifix. He looked a good deal agitated, and whether he had a leaden eye or not I know not, but it certainly loved the ground. The warm and enthusiastic applause of the people was reserved for the Tiers États. They were considered as the champions of the people, and their firm and manly exertions in the National Assembly were thought to have been as instrumental in the overthrow of despotism as the bravery of the Parisian bourgeois in the capture of the Bastille. *Vivent les Tiers États! Vive la Liberté!* were loudly iterated as they passed. It would have been impracticable to have followed the procession, for the streets were so lined with armed bourgeois that none

could pass but those who formed a part of it. The King went to the Hôtel de Ville, and was received with great respect by the magistracy: he was addressed by Monsieur Bailly, who, I think, had been chosen mayor. He attempted an answer to it, or rather an address to the people, but he was embarrassed, and either Bailly or some other person who stood near him said something for him; after which, as an outward and visible sign of his assent, he put on the popular cockade. This produced a burst of applause, and he returned amidst the acclamations of *Vive le Roi!* The rest of the day was spent in festive and triumphant gaiety. In the Palais Royal crowds dined in the open air, and patriotic toasts were given in the English fashion. In the evening there were illuminations, and the Town Hall displayed a device emblematic of the events that had taken place, and complimentary to the King, who in a transparent inscription was honoured with the title of 'Father of his People' and 'Restorer of French Liberty.' On the Saturday (July 18) we visited more of the public places, but the most interesting object, and which attracted

the greatest number of spectators, was the Bastille. We found two hundred workmen busily employed in the destruction of this castle of despotism. We saw the battlements tumble down amidst the applauding shouts of the people. I observed a number of artists taking drawings of what from this time was to have no existence but upon paper. We thought ourselves fortunate in witnessing the downfall of this object of terror; we should, however, have been more completely gratified had not our prudence or our fears prevented it, for an opportunity was offered us of visiting the interior of this celebrated place. A gentleman, to whom we had been introduced a few days before, was the captain of a party of the armed bourgeois who were to mount guard within the Bastille. He offered to take us with him as part of the guard, in which case we must have carried a musket and have remained there a certain number of hours; but, much as we wished to have thus gratified our curiosity, we were apprehensive that we might have been exposed to some unpleasant consequences. The situation of Paris and the state of the Revolution were too uncer-

tain to secure us from the possibility of danger in such a place; for had any sudden alarm taken place at that time—and every hour produced fresh alarms in all parts of Paris—it would surely have been a little awkward for four Englishmen to have been found in the Bastille carrying arms. We have, indeed, since repented that we did not profit by this occasion, but our repentance, like that of many other good people, was the effect of subsequent circumstances, and not of conviction that at the time it would have been right to have so acted.

We this evening, and for the last time, visited the magistrates, and received another passport, and an assurance that, if we were at the barrier early in the morning, before the streets were filled with the populace, we should get away unmolested, which a former letter would tell you we did do on Saturday, July 19. One of our party, though it escaped my notice, says that he saw the Count d'Auche, the Bastille prisoner, sitting with the magistrates, and apparently very happy. And this reminds me of our having a second time seen the other prisoner, the feeble old

man. He was placed conspicuously at a window opposite the house where we saw the King pass, and at that time he was brought forward and made to wave his hat, having a three-coloured cockade on it. The attention of the people, thus excited for a short time, appeared to have some effect on the King, and, either by accident or design, the coach made a little pause, and probably obliged the King to notice him.

I trust I have now pretty well fulfilled my engagement, and if I have not tired you with the length of my tale, I think at least I have puzzled you to read my wretched scrawl. I shall probably, however, not yet have done with you, for the events I have recorded, and the circumstances connected with them, will furnish ample matter for reflections, both moral and political, which I may perhaps arrange and commit to paper when I return to England, and catch an interval of leisure.

God bless you.—E. R.

Tuesday morning, July 21, 1789.

My dear Loves,—I write to you from Dijon in Burgundy, about two hundred miles

beyond Paris. We left Paris early on Sunday morning, July 19, without any difficulty, as the tumult had entirely subsided, and the police of the city was restored to its usual regularity. Our journey from Paris to Dijon has been a most pleasing one; the weather has been favourable, the roads good, and no obstacles of any kind have interrupted us. I wonder who it was that told me travelling was so inconvenient in France, that the roads were execrable, the horses so bad that they could not get on, &c. &c. We have had sufficient experience that these things are not so, and that many other reports that prevail in England, unfavourable to this country and its inhabitants, are equally untrue. My astonishment at the magnitude of this empire, its wonderful population, the industry of the inhabitants, and the excellence of the climate, only increases the further we penetrate into the country. We have now travelled between four and five hundred miles in France, and have hardly seen an acre uncultivated; except two forests and parks, the one belonging to the Prince de Condé, as I mentioned in a former letter, the other to the King of France

at Fontainebleau, and these are covered with woods. In every other place almost every inch has been ploughed or dug, and at this time appears to be pressed with the weight of the incumbent crop.[1] On the roads, to the very edge where the travellers' wheels pass, and on the hills, to the very summit, may be seen the effects of human industry. Since we left Paris we have come through a country where the vine is cultivated. This grows on the sides and even on the tops of the highest hills. It will also flourish where the soil is too poor to bear corn, and on the sides of precipices where no animal could draw the plough.

Our first halt on leaving Paris was at Fontainebleau, where we breakfasted, and saw some ropes made of the bark of trees. Thence through the forest by Moret, a small

[1] It is known that the harvest of 1789 was plentiful, and that stores of grain remained from the preceding years. The distress for want of bread which existed then, and was always more or less occurring, was owing to the mischievous and ignorant interference of the Government, which interdicted the circulation of grain between one province and another, required the people to buy as much barley as wheat, forbade them to buy more than two bushels of wheat at one market, with other insane regulations which exasperated the peasants, and at this critical time led to riots.

but populous town, to Sens, all the way was beautiful. Sens is a large city, the houses principally of wood, and the streets narrow. In the square or Place, soldiers and citizens were under arms, surrounded with spectators, and with ladies from windows or balconies applauding them. At Soigny, and other towns we passed, the people were all animated and wearing the national cockade, and very inquisitive for news from Paris. On Monday night we slept at Auxerre, an old city in Burgundy, and from our inn, *Les Trois Couronnes*, we could see the river Yonne, which is broad, and divided by some islands, forming in one part a natural *Weir*, or cascade over stones, and roaring loudly as it tumbles over them. This place furnishes the true Burgundy wine, which is very cheap. At half-past five next morning, July 21, we left Auxerre, the road very hilly and the prospects extensive, but the soil poor, consisting of limestone and gravel, but still full of vineyards. At a little town called Vitteaux, which we reached about three o'clock, we ascended a very steep hill, as precipitate and high as that which leads to Matlock or to

Castleton, in Derbyshire. At the top we were surprised to find an almost level plain, extending every way as far as the eye could reach, equally as well cultivated as the country we had before passed, but the ground being almost covered with pieces of rock, and the situation so elevated, the crops were not so good as those in the valleys. After riding about twelve miles over this plain, which proved to be the summit of a great ridge of hills which extend a considerable way over this part of France, we came to the edge of the opposite declivity. It was about seven o'clock, the sun a little clouded, but still shining through several openings so as to illuminate many large patches in the prospect before us. I should tell you that the air is so perfectly clear here, especially in the evening, that the most distant objects may be seen with utmost distinctness. On the edge of this hill stands a magnificent old castle, built by some baron of old, who must have had grand ideas to have chosen such a place for his residence. Near this venerable castle, now in ruins, a most extensive prospect opened to us, with hills suddenly rising, deep

valleys, and immense forests of wood, through which huge rocks every now and then reared their heads. In the valleys were numerous villages; the lowest parts either pastures full of cattle, hay land full of haymakers, or cornfields; the sides of the hills covered with grand natural woods which have probably flourished for centuries, and in parts covered with vines. The sun shining on different portions of this fine scene much added to its beauty, while the extensive woods, which were dark and gloomy in shade, gave magnificence to the whole. We rattled down this hill several miles, amidst the same picturesque scenery, till we came to the bottom of the valley and crossed a small river. From that place to Dijon there is a good road at the foot of a ridge of hills, covered with rocks and wood, very much resembling Matlock. Dijon is an old city, situated among these natural beauties. We are going to take a walk, and as Monsieur de Virly, who was in Norwich about two years ago, lives here, I shall call upon him. When I am surrounded by such scenery as we beheld yesterday, I wish you were all with me, but when the

troubles began at Paris I blessed myself that you were all safe at Framingham. However, we have escaped all dangers of that kind. I am perfectly well. We go to Lyons to-morrow, where I expect to find your letters.

God bless you all.

E. R.

Lyons: Friday morning, July 24, 1789.

My dear Loves,—Before I resume the narrative of my journey, I must thank you for your letter, which I received last night; and being the first intelligence I have had of you since I left Norwich, it was most welcome to me. You may wonder that I did not receive it at Paris, for it was directed there, but, on account of the commotions, we proposed leaving Paris on Monday the 13th, and therefore requested the master of the post to forward my letters to Lyons. This, therefore, came to Lyons before me, for the troubles were such for several days at Paris that the post-office was shut. I shall expect another letter from you before I leave this place; if not, I shall desire it to be forwarded to Geneva. My last letter was written on

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Tuesday morning from Dijon, before we had seen the city. It is not very large, but clean, and the houses well built. There are likewise some good buildings.

M. de Virly was in the country. He is one of the noblesse; and the bourgeois, who have made the late noble and successful stand for liberty, at present oblige them to keep where they are, whether in town or country, till the council of the nation shall have formed a constitution and re-established public order. Not finding him at home, I called upon Monsieur Leroux, a surgeon, to whom I had sent one of my publications by M. de Virly. He was not at home, but when I gave my name and requested to see the hospital, three of his pupils attended me. I was never more pleased with an establishment of this kind; charity and good sense seemed to have built this hospital. It is large and lofty, outside the walls of the city, receiving the pure air from the neighbouring mountains and hills. There are three hundred beds, all of iron, the coverings and furniture of white cotton, as clean and neat as any Quaker's in Norwich. I could detect nowhere the slightest impure or

offensive smell. The wards are very wide, and at least thirty feet high. Some are for infirm old people and incurables, some, detached, for lunatics, and there are two wards for illegitimate children, called *enfans trouvés*, as is really the case, for they are always found at the gate of the hospital. But what struck me most was a large ward full of beds, fitted up in the same comfortable manner, for the reception of the wandering stranger. Here the weary traveller may at once find an asylum and take his repose. He is permitted to stay three days, and is supplied with everything his situation requires, and if he be penniless a supply of money is given him at his departure. I never beheld a more interesting scene. Many of the beds were then occupied by sunburnt travellers, who were snoring away in perfect security, undisturbed by those apprehensions which in many cases must interrupt the sleep of those who are at a distance from home. I really envied the founder of this delightful establishment. I almost envied the persons who had the pleasing task of fulfilling his benevolent intention. I am sure I had reason to praise

them, for such an appearance of neatness, convenience, and comfort could not be kept up without the utmost attention; but I must drop this subject. I will resume it when at home, and if you be half as much affected by my relation as I was with the reality, it will bring tears to your eyes. Even the kitchen was equally clean and neat, and the apothecary's shop or dispensary the neatest I have seen anywhere, but it was too small and not well lighted. The medicines also seemed principally vegetable, and the *materia medica* was not a good one—they give little bark or opium.

In our way from Dijon to Lyons we travelled for the most part on a level plain, highly cultivated, having on our right hand a continuance of the same beautiful ridge of hills which we first saw about twenty miles before we came to Dijon. These hills (in England we should call them mountains) are covered even to their very tops with flourishing vineyards; with houses, villages, and towns without number at their feet. We were constantly exclaiming as we passed along, 'What a country is this! What

fertility in the soil! What industry in the inhabitants! What a charming climate!

We left Dijon at one o'clock; the road so good that we travelled expeditiously, reaching Baragne, seven and a half miles, in an hour. There are beggars at every stage. Thence to Beaune; the road still through vineyards which produce the richest Burgundy wine. Within a mile of this place we overtook many bourgeois in arms—in carriages, on horseback, and on foot. Some of those on foot stopped our carriage and cut the ropes of the harness, taking us for noblesse; but some gentlemen came up to us and set us at liberty, politely apologising for the improper behaviour of the others. Beaune is an old fortified town full of churches and inhabitants, and numbers came out to meet the bourgeois, eager to learn intelligence of their proceedings, calling out, *Vivent les Tiers États*, and wearing cockades. The women in Beaune were very pretty, and hundreds, both men and women, busy cutting and carrying harvest.

We arrived at Chalons at a quarter-past eight, the roads just as good, but the land not so fertile; we even observed some pieces of

waste. Chalons is on the Saône—a fine river, with an excellent bridge and a fine quay, with several rows of magnificent stone houses. The city is full of convents and churches, the streets narrow, and the houses old. It teems with inhabitants, and walking after dusk we saw many monks, some talking to the girls. The streets were brilliantly lighted with argand lamps, and we observed in some shops a peculiar game played with cross-bows, &c. We lodged here, but not in good quarters. We left Chalons Wednesday morning (July 22), rising at half-past four, the road leading through a fine level of meadows, with wheat, maize, hemp, &c., growing plentifully. We reached Tournay, an old town on the Saône, at eight o'clock, having walked two miles over a hill, where we were well rewarded, as we ascended, by a most excellent prospect. Below, the Saône was seen for many miles, winding through a most extensive fertile plain, full of towns and villages, and beyond all, the Alps were plainly visible, though more than sixty miles distant. Tournay was full of people, with narrow streets and old houses. At the doors of some of the shops were pieces of

ochre or iron ore. The rocks in this neighbourhood appear to be calcareous, mixed with some granite and flint, which takes a polish and forms a tolerably good marble. We intended to have reached Lyons to-day, but were detained about six miles from Tournay by something amiss in one of our wheels. This obliged us to dine at St. Albers, the worst inn we have yet been in; for we dined in a room where there were three beds, and on pigeons we had just seen the servant kill. In every place the same spirit of freedom seemed to prevail, and the same dislike to the noblesse. An Abbé or Curé with whom we conversed expressed the same sentiments. We reached a large fortified town called Mâcon, on the Saône, for night, where we were sufficiently entertained. The principal street is, I should suppose, nearly a mile long, with well-built houses which front the river. It is very broad, with a good pavé on one side, which was crowded with people of all ranks, enjoying the air and the pleasures of conversation. The bridge was also filled in the same way, and being about the middle of the quay, and more elevated, had a most

pleasing effect. There were hundreds of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, enjoying themselves, talking, and sitting in the porticos on chairs and benches near the river. For a moment I wished I was an inhabitant of Mâcon, and could sit among this happy people. I am sure we do not make so much of society as the French do, and I am also sure we are great losers by it. Some women came to us during supper to offer knives, scissors, and other articles of cutlery. They said they were manufactured at Mâcon, but—I know not why—we suspected they came from Birmingham. Yesterday morning, July 23, we rose early and started, the sun shining most beautifully across the river. No ladies or gentlemen could now be seen where such numbers had been the evening before, but the sight of many industrious people going to work was perhaps not less pleasing. The boats began to be crowded, and hundreds of neat women were going to the river to wash linen, which is here all done at the river's side. We observed more cockades here than usual, but they were all blue and white. Our ride to Lyons has surpassed everything in our

journey; the same kind of country, but infinitely more picturesque. The houses now assumed a peculiar appearance; the roofs broad and flat, and considerably overhanging the walls. This has an odd effect, but it produces shade; most of the upper windows were not glazed. The corn harvest was here nearly over, and the land already being ploughed again and sown with brank (*Polygonum*). For the first time I saw ploughs here with no wheels. We observed no cockades here, nor any calling out for the *Tiers États*. Two very smart ladies rode past us on horseback, astride, each having an umbrella. The riding-habit was divided in the petticoat part, forming something like long trousers. I observed the same at Chantilly, but at no other place.

From Puits d'Or to Lyons the scenery was picturesque beyond description; all the way descending, with hills and deep valleys on each side, highly cultivated and adorned with woods, vineyards, orchards, &c. The approach to Lyons is uncommonly beautiful, with such a multitude of chateaux and country houses, belonging to the rich manu-

facturers of the city, of farm-houses and neat cottages, all commanding beautiful prospects, as is perhaps not to be equalled in any part of the world.[1] Our first walk was on the quay next the Rhone, which here unites itself with the Saône. What a noble stream! and how rapid! But I must conclude. I am perfectly well, and only want you all with me to complete my felicity. God bless you.

E. R.

Sunday morning, July 26, 1789.

My dear Loves,—Though I am at a considerable distance from any post-town, yet, as my situation admits of my beginning a letter, and as writing is the greatest pleasure I enjoy at this distance from you, I have taken out my pen and ink. We are now on the Rhone, about seventy miles below Lyons, which we left yesterday. This is a most wonderful stream for the breadth, depth, and great length of its course, and more especially for its rapidity. We are carried

[1] Gray the poet describes the environs of Lyons in his time as 'bedropped and besprinkled with country houses, gardens, and plantations of rich merchants and bourgeois.'

by the force of the stream only, an oar or the rudder being occasionally used to guide it. But before I say anything of the country through which it passes, I must return to Lyons, whence I last wrote, at which time I had seen but little of the city.

There are many mills on the Rhone at Lyons, as at Paris on the Seine, and at Chalons and Mâcon on the Saône; numerous mills also for various of the Lyons manufactories, the rapidity of the stream giving a power equal to any mechanical force required. We entered the city through the faubourgs, which are built between a high chain of rocks and the Saône. Unfortunately, a street has been built where there should be but one row of houses. The houses being so high and the street so narrow, the air cannot be pure in the lower regions. We found this to be the case by the execrable stench we experienced; but, notwithstanding this, all the houses at every storey seemed to be crammed with inhabitants. I should think this street must be more than a mile long. Some of the houses are built on the rock, some even on the summits of very high rocks,

the access in the front to the street being by ladders, placed most frightfully perpendicular. On approaching Lyons, these peculiarly situated buildings have a most singular appearance. In the evening we went to the *Comédie*, a very good theatre, but not well attended, and few pretty or well-dressed women. The performance was execrable, the actors bad, and the singing wretched. We lodged at the Hôtel de Malthe, in a little square—a good house and clean, but too many fleas in it. Next day we called upon M. Rey, a merchant, to whom Mr. Boddington had a letter of credit. He behaved most politely to us, and asked us to dine with him, saying he would invite company to meet us, but we could not accept his invitation.[1] He went with us to agree for the boat to take us to Avignon: the rascal asked eighteen louis and took nine. My companions went to see the small remains of an aqueduct, about two miles off, but I preferred going to the hospital, the Hôtel Dieu, being encouraged to this from the satisfaction I had experienced in seeing that of Dijon. But I was much

[1] At that time the French dined at 12 o'clock.

disappointed. This is an enormous quadrangular building, having a square within, ill calculated to admit free ventilation, the front towards the Rhone, more than 400 yards long, and in a good style of architecture. There are 1,100 patients, one only in a bed. There were formerly more, but a late subscription has enabled them to increase the number of the beds. The bedsteads are of iron, with linen furniture, but not clean. The wards are large, but too much crowded. A very large ward was appropriated for accidents, and it was very full: a proof of the populousness of the city and neighbourhood. There are 250 attendants, including physicians, surgeons, sisters of charity, priests, pupils, servants, &c. The *premier médecin* is an Englishman, he visits the hospital early in the morning and late in the evening. I was sorry I could not see him.[1]

The public library is a good building, containing 60,000 volumes, well arranged and neatly kept, and, like the King's Library at Paris, it is open three days in the week for six hours, and any one may read or make

[1] This hospital was destroyed in the siege of Lyons, 1793.

extracts from books; but nobody takes the benefit of it, except now and then a stranger. In the afternoon we were highly gratified by a visit to the country house of M. Rey. We crossed a branch of the Saône in a small boat, then went about a mile in a *voiture*, and then walked up a very steep hill, through a narrow lane, which had been made steeper and more rugged by the torrents of rain which had fallen this summer. The situation of the house and the surrounding grounds is picturesque beyond description. We rambled among his vineyards and plantations to the different points most distinguished for prospects. Such a variety of views, sure, were never united in one place. On one side that most stupendous of all mountains, Mont Blanc, lifts up his mighty head, though about ninety miles distant in a straight line, his snowy head as visible as Strumpshaw Hill is at Framingham. Other snowy mountains were also visible on the remote parts of the eastern horizon; the celebrated Pila was nearer, renowned by botanists for the rare plants with which it abounds. About half-a-mile from this spot, through a very romantic walk, we came to the

ruins of a Roman aqueduct, a stupendous work—the arches here being sixty feet high, formed of a mixture of various stones and fluid mortar ; the stones were, however, principally lamellated granite, with which this country abounds. This wonderful building was originally seven leagues long, and was erected to convey a remarkably fine water from a fountain which the Romans, who were very nice with respect to water, had discovered at this distance from Lyons.

This gentleman's house in England would be sufficient for the residence of persons of the first fortune. It is fitted up in the most comfortable manner imaginable, and there appeared to be beds to accommodate twenty or thirty strangers. The mother of M. Rey and three sisters were here, all very polite and one very handsome. We found by his account that there are great numbers of such places—not only every merchant, but every shopkeeper and artificer in Lyons having his country house, situated in places equally romantic; but, though so charming, they are attended with very little expense. The rents are so low, and provisions so astonishingly

cheap round Lyons, that this gentleman assured me a person with a wife and a small family might live well for sixty pounds a year. What a charming country this, for people of small fortunes! a few hundreds a year would be here a most capital income. There are many English families settled here, and I should imagine there will soon be more, as the form of government is likely to be so much improved. The manners of the people, moreover, seem particularly calculated for social intercourse; they appear, as I have remarked before, to derive more happiness from this source than we do; they are not so formally dull as the English, but are all vivacity and politeness. There are upwards of 180,000 inhabitants in Lyons. The large buildings on the quay are let to many families; in the house where M. Rey has rooms there are six hundred persons, the rent being altogether two thousand guineas per annum. Coals are plentiful; they are found a few leagues from hence, and are brought to Lyons by water. We expected to have found it intolerably hot; and in the middle of the day, if the sun be very bright, it is so, for the

buildings are all of white stone, and the streets and roads all white. We have had no inconvenience from the scarcity of provisions. I am sorry I did not mention this before, as I am afraid you were made a little uneasy by the accounts in the papers. There has indeed been a great scarcity, and I dare say the poor people have experienced some hardship from it, but the harvest is begun in most parts of France, and is over here, and has been a most plentiful one.

The post being stopped at Paris, and it being thought improper to write on political subjects from that place, prevented my giving you any particulars of the Revolution; but the general circumstances you will by this time learn from the papers, and when I return I will give you a detail of what I was an eye-witness to.[1] I saw enough to frighten me pretty handsomely, and enough to make my heart ache; but, as we have escaped all danger, I am glad I was there on so memorable an occasion. I wish you to keep my letters; for though I have kept a little journal ever since I came out, and have probably

[1] See explanation, p. 30.

made sufficient memorandums to assist me in giving you an account of the principal objects which have struck me, yet there may be some noticed in them which I may have omitted in my itinerary. In my next I will begin with an account of our passage down the Rhone. We shall go to Avignon and Marseilles; the latter will be the most southern part of our journey. Had we not been detained a week longer than we expected at Paris, we should have gone a little way into Italy, but that cannot be now. God bless you all, again and again. My compliments to all who ask for me.

E. R.

Nismes: Monday evening, July 27, 1789.

My dear Loves,—My last letter, which was written on Sunday while we were passing down the Rhone, gave you some account of our stay at Lyons. Two very fine rivers, the Saône and the Rhone, unite their waters at that city, and run in one course, taking the name of the Rhone only, until they empty themselves into the Mediterranean. We got on board at eight on Saturday, July 25. At nine the thermometer was 65°. From Lyons

to Avignon on the river is about 150 miles, and as we stopped at some towns, we did not reach Avignon until Sunday evening. The rapidity of the river, which I mentioned before, is owing to its passing through a mountainous country which will not admit of its spreading itself, and it is this circumstance which renders a voyage down it so particularly romantic. From our leaving Lyons till our reaching Avignon there is scarcely a spot which does not display some magnificence of nature. Rocks of enormous height and of the most irregular and fantastical shapes were almost constantly before us, and where these were wanting the eye travels but a little way before it sees some of the stupendous mountains of the Alps. Those of Grenoble, which, though in France, are connected with the mountains in Savoy, are visible in many places, and add grandeur to the scene. The Rhone is of different breadths, and in many parts its course is very circuitous. We often thought ourselves in the middle of a vast lake, and I remember in one spot we seemed surrounded with a circus of mountains. Moreover, in some places the river divides itself and forms

islands, so that almost every natural variety is presented to the admiring traveller. Independent of the natural objects which excite attention, there are others which have been produced by the hand of man. The Rhone was much distinguished in the time of the Romans; it was always a very formidable barrier to them, and particularly so when they attacked Gaul. In the same way, it was an equally difficult pass to the enemies of Rome who wished to invade the empire. And in latter ages, before the invention of gunpowder, its shores were strongly fortified by castles and citadels of various strength and extent. The remains of some Roman buildings and of many Gothic castles still exist on the banks of this river, many of them on the very summits of its highest rocks, and in this exposed situation have braved the storms and tempests of many ages. The neighbourhood of the Rhone also, particularly the upper part, is extremely populous: towns, villages, and farms without end. Every spot of ground, and even the fissures in the rocks which time has filled with a little mould, are cultivated to the utmost. Vines seem to flourish where no

other plant can live; they seem only to require to be kept fast to the rock, and the air and the sun supply all the principles of vegetation. Towards the more southern parts mulberry trees grow in great abundance, and near Avignon we began to see the olive tree.

The first place we stopped at was the ancient city of Vienne, where many manufactures are carried on. It is also the see of an archbishop and the residence of many rich and indolent ecclesiastics. We left the boat in order to view the Roman antiquities in the city, and were accompanied by a woman who knew nothing about the matter. After climbing several narrow and dirty streets of considerable ascent, we came to a singular place, something like an apartment in a rock, where a gentleman who came from another part of the excavated rock asked us if we were English. He then asked us to look at a monument erected to the memory of a young Englishman who died about a year ago, but having been buried in unholy and ignoble ground, leave had been obtained to appropriate this place to the interment of

strangers, and of those who had professed a foreign religion, and the remains of his deceased friend and our countryman were about to be placed there. The deceased proved to be a Dr. Stark, or the brother of a Dr. Stark, aged but twenty-four. The gentleman much urged us to attend the funeral, but as it was not to take place till after sunset that evening, we could not spare the time. There was something melancholy and interesting in this circumstance, and he much regretted that we could not comply with his request. His politeness, however, induced him to accompany us about the city, and we were indebted to him for the sight of some curious Roman antiques in the College of Vienne. We there saw M. Schneider, Professor of Design. This gentleman seems to have been placed there very judiciously, as he is endeavouring to preserve by drawings what still remains of these beautiful specimens. He had some fine and perfect pieces of mosaic, some parts of antique figures, a curious Roman talisman which gave an impression on wax of various heads, and a Priape. There were also fragments of ancient columns with

Corinthian capitals, and specimens of lead ore, of stalactites, of granite, and an enormous bone of an animal which had been dug up in this neighbourhood. We were shown likewise the remains of a Roman Prætorium, a most beautiful building; the columns and portal of the Corinthian order, with a perfect pediment, are still remaining, but the barbarians of a few generations back built up the spaces between the pillars and made a church of it. We also saw the remains of a triumphal arch in memory of Augustus, and at a little distance from the city a pyramid in honour of Severus; but this is a clumsy building, evidently erected when architectural taste was on the decline.[1] The city was once very large, and from its situation must have been of great importance to the Romans; the remains of a bridge on the Rhone, and of an aqueduct five leagues long, are proofs of this. The present city is populous, containing, we were assured, 18,000 inhabitants. The cathedral is a large building, and its style of architecture seems to prove that it was erected when the Roman style was giving

[1] Now called L'Aiguille.

way to the Gothic. There is a considerable manufacture of rateens and other stuffs, and a good trade in wine. Also an iron-foundry near, where anchors are made; iron and lead are found in the neighbouring mountains, and plenty of coal is near. Our gentleman walked with us for about two hours, and then insisted on our stopping at his house, and tasting the wine of the country, which is in great estimation.

In my next I must continue my narrative from Vienne. I shall be impatient to reach Geneva, that I may have letters from you. It seems long since I heard of you. I wish a little bird could whisper in my ear that you are all well, but I will hope it. God bless you all. E. R.

Aix: Wednesday morning, 4 o'clock, July 29, 1789.

My dear Loves,—I take up my narrative from Vienne, which we left on Saturday the 25th, and arrived at Tain at 9 o'clock P.M., having gone fifty miles in the boat. This town has a romantic position at the foot of the Hermitage mountains which produce the celebrated wine of that name. On the oppo-

site shore of the Rhone there is another large town called Tournon; the wine on that side of the river not so good as on this. These towns are in different provinces; Tain in Dauphiné, and Tournon in Vivarais. We slept here and rose at half-past four. The next stage on our voyage was to Valence, a large city close to the Rhone, with an enormous rock on the opposite shore, crowned with a magnificent castle in ruins.[1] Hence to Pont St. Esprit[2] the river is most rapid, and the sides still more rocky, mountainous, and picturesque: the mountains of Grenoble, with their irregular tops and vast chasms, being still in sight. We passed under the beautiful bridge of Pont St. Esprit at half-past three. At this season of the year the passage is perfectly safe, but in high floods and when the wind is powerful it must be dangerous. It is an admirable structure, and we counted twenty-two arches, but there may be more. The bridge is astonishingly light, every buttress, a little above the surface of the water, being perforated with a small arch, which lessens

[1] Château de Crussol?

[2] Then the only bridge over the Rhone.

the weight considerably. This Pont St. Esprit was built by the Romans about two thousand years ago, and is perhaps the most perfect monument of this kind of architecture now remaining. Within four leagues of Avignon, Mont Ventoux, the highest mountain in France, was visible; its top and sides very white, the rocks being chalky. We landed finally at Avignon at half-past eight (July 26), and as we approached we observed many parties strolling on the shore, and some dancing to pipes and tabors. Avignon is an old city, and some centuries ago it was the residence of the Popes; it still belongs to the Pope, and is governed by a legate; we were therefore required to take a passport on leaving it. All that we remarked in it is that the streets are very narrow and nasty, from a filthy custom of the inhabitants. It is full of churches, and, I should add, there are many very pretty women in it. We walked on some high rocks which are within the walls of the city, whence we had a good view of the country and the course of the Rhone for some distance. We crossed the river in a boat on our way to Nismes very near an

old bridge which has been in a state of ruin for centuries. The journey from Avignon to Nismes was in one respect the most singular of any since we left home. Had I been at once placed in this country, I should have supposed myself in another world, for there is scarcely a tree or a plant an Englishman would recognise. There are indeed thousands of mulberry trees, but these grow much more vigorously, and the verdure of their foliage is much more beautiful than in England. The other trees, equally, or, I believe, more plentiful, are the olives. These at the best have not a good foliage, or, rather, the colour of their leaves is not a good green. They look somewhat like the common willow, and, added to this, they are at present seen under a great disadvantage, for the severity of last winter's frost, which extended to these southern regions, totally destroyed thousands of these trees. Their appearance in such a desolated state, and through such an extent of country, was really melancholy. The loss of a whole year's crop of the principal support of the inhabitants is one of the greatest natural calamities, and in this case the loss

cannot be supplied by fresh trees of equal vigour in less than thirty years. The other trees planted for profit are the vine and the almond; the shrubs are myrtles of different kinds, and mixing with them, are the ilex, the juniper, some species of cypress, the wild lavender, the mountain thyme, and, what was more striking than any other, the pomegranate, which now shows its beautiful red flowers, and is as abundant in the hedges as the thorn is in England.

Our visit to Nismes was in great measure to view the celebrated Roman antiquities in that place and neighbourhood. The first we visited formed part of a stupendous aqueduct called the 'Pont du Gard.' It passes over a deep valley, through which runs the rapid mountain stream the Gardon. The scenery of the spot corresponds well with the magnificence of these ruins. Immense rocks have been piled on one another by nature, and immense arches have been piled on one another by the skill of the Romans. We climbed the rocks and walked to the top of the building, where, though perfectly safe, the view of the great depth below was tremendous.

I gathered some *Dyanthus virginianus* on the Pont du Gard. Nismes is also an old city, but the streets are wide, and there are many open spaces in it, now used as promenades. Here are some vestiges of Roman fountains and baths which have been lately repaired, and serve still, as they did under the Romans, to supply the city with excellent water. A part also of a beautiful temple of Diana remains, and an amphitheatre sufficiently preserved to give an idea of its original magnitude, of the kind of spectacles the Romans were fond of, and of the great population which could require such a space for them. But the vast area is now filled with houses, and several streets pass through it.[1] The most perfect monument of Roman architecture, however, is a temple of the composite order, called *la maison carrée.* Besides these, on the summit of a high rock, are the remains of something like an enormously high tower. I persuaded my companions that this was an ancient gazebo, and that was probably the use it served, as it must have commanded an immense prospect. We left Nismes on

[1] All cleared now.

Tuesday morning, and found the roads crowded with people going to a fair at Beaucaire, about twenty miles off.[1] Here we had another specimen of the populousness of this country. The streets were full of people, every house was a shop, and a long quay was crowded with booths full of different kinds of merchandise. Besides these there were a number of vessels in the Rhone, lying alongside the quay, full of articles for sale, and no less crowded with people, access being had to them by boards laid from one to the other. I observed many articles in cast iron. From Beaucaire the country was, I think, more romantic than any we had passed through. At St. Remy, a small town between Beaucaire and Orgon, I bought a few peas of an old woman, who was dressing some in a sieve. They were of a singular kind. She said they were not eaten green, but when ripe they made good soup, *pour les malades.*[2]

Aix is a pretty town, many of the houses well built, the streets wide, and with a capital

[1] This feir is still kept, closing now as then on July 28.

[2] This proved to be the *Pisum mons pessutannm.* I brought it to England and it grows at Framingham.

promenade under some fine venerable elms, which have afforded shade to the inhabitants for many a year. It was full of company last night. We have been fortunate in this respect, having arrived at several places when the walks were thus filled. I finish this letter from Marseilles, which promises to please us much. About two miles before we reached it we had a beautiful first sight of the Mediterranean. The colour of the sea very striking; near the shore, green, further into the sea perfectly blue, and still further purple. . . . E. R.

Marseilles: Wednesday Evening, July 29, 1789.

My dear Loves,—The conclusion of the letter which I wrote and sent away this morning, would inform you of our arrival in this city. It is situated in a beautiful valley, defended on the land side by a ridge of those rocky mountains which I before described as belonging to this part of France; and on the other by the Mediterranean, which here forms a fine bay, created by a projection of a strong chain of rocks. In the centre of this bay are several rocks; on one of these is the prison,

upon another the Lazaretto, and all the ships which come from the Levant perform quarantine here and land their goods, before they can be admitted into the harbour. This is done to prevent the introduction of that horrid disease, the plague. We were told that there were two patients under the disease in the Lazaretto at this time. The inner harbour, where a large number of merchant ships, usually about 600, are as safely moored as in the docks at Liverpool, is within the city, and has been in some measure made by art. It is a most commodious and secure situation, and being surrounded by an extensive quay, full of warehouses and shops, is admirably adapted for the purposes of a seaport.

We have here again experienced the politeness and kindness of a respectable merchant, M. Carthalan, to whom we had a letter, who took us to several parts of the city, and especially to an eminence near, on which stands an old castle; part of it used as a fortress, and part as a chapel, dedicated to the Holy Virgin.[1] She is a great favourite with

[1] Notre Dame de la Garde.

the sailors, and, attributing their escapes from shipwrecks and storms to her divine interposition, they have decorated the church with models of ships, pieces of cables, and other more valuable offerings to her, as marks of their gratitude. There is a most striking view from this place of the city, the sea, and adjacent country, the latter, full of châteaux, country houses, and neat cottages. As it happened to be a very stormy day, we had an opportunity of observing another religious custom practised here. The fishermen, being unable to get out to sea, set the bells in their part of the city ringing in a way which they call a prayer to God.

A great part of the city has been built within forty years. The houses are lofty, and composed of a beautiful white stone, the streets are wide and remarkably well paved; moreover they are very clean and much purified by streams of water, which flow through many of them. The promenades are also wide, extensive, and shaded by good trees. The population is large, and appeared the more so, from the circumstance of public affairs having made it necessary for

many thousands of the inhabitants to associate themselves for the purpose of defence in case of disturbances. Every person wears a cockade, and those belonging to the militia of the citizens have a neat uniform; we are told that there are 12,000 citizens armed, with 2,000 officers. I have hitherto thought it prudent to be silent on political subjects, and on the present state of affairs in Paris and France; but, as I find there is now only one party, and every one speaks without reserve on the subject, I shall now no longer need to be so cautious. A very interesting spectacle was exhibited here this forenoon. More than seventy persons who had been imprisoned months ago in the prison at Aix for having, we are told, opposed some of the measures of the court party, were rescued by a body of Marseilles citizens who went to Aix, which is more than twenty miles off, for that purpose. Had the Revolution not taken place they would probably have been hanged. Among these were several women and two babes, who had been born during the imprisonment of their mothers. There were also prisoners who had been confined for

years. One pretty young woman was pointed out to us as having been cruelly treated by her master, and who, to prevent her complaining, had the address to get her conveyed to the prison at Aix, where she had been confined for nine years. All these were led along the streets, with drums and musical instruments, protected by the armed citizens, and were received by their respective friends amidst the loud acclamations of the people. We set off for Toulon to-morrow, and I hope to drop this into a post-office on our way thither. God bless you all. Good-night.

E. R.

Toulon; Friday Morning, July 31, 1789.

My dear Loves,—Our journey yesterday was from Marseilles, which we left at five o'clock, to this place. The storm had subsided in the night, and the sky was perfectly clear; indeed, it is here seldom clouded. A delay at Brousset, a small town, but full of people and carriages detained like us by a scarcity of horses, was the first difficulty of the kind we have experienced in travelling almost a thousand miles in this country.

The roads also were rough, but we have been more than repaid by the gratification which the ride afforded us. You must smile, I am sure, when you find me constantly saying that the last scenes surpass in beauty all the former ones. I think, after what we saw yesterday, I shall cease to make the same remarks, for I imagine the scenery cannot be equalled in its kind by anything we shall see again. Almost the whole length of the way, about forty-six miles, the road was between very high rocks and over high hills. About eight miles of it was what, in the language of Derbyshire, would be called a dale, and if you call to your remembrance Dovedale, Middleton Dale, &c., in England, you may have some idea of this place, only that in magnitude and variety of shape in the rocks this very much exceeds those. In one respect, however, Dovedale has permanently a beauty which these dales have only occasionally. Dovedale has a river constantly running through it, but in these a stream only exists in the winter time, and after rain in the summer, but then it is evident, from the depth of the narrow channel, from the projecting masses of rock which line

its sides, and from the high arches of the bridges which cross it, that it must be a torrent indeed. About four miles more of this dale is narrowed into a road, in some places just wide enough to let the carriage pass, winding so much that we could seldom see more than a few hundred yards before us. The rocks here are in some places absolutely perpendicular, and the highest my eyes ever beheld. They are broken into the most various shapes, split down in some instances from their tops to their very bases; in some parts forming arches through which we could see other similar rocks, and in others, mouths of caverns, which seemed to lead to dreadful abodes in the mountain. The shock that could overturn such vast masses, the power which could lift up such weights from low situations, and break into fragments such immense, and, at the same time, such hard substances as compose these rocks, must have been great indeed. As rocks alone, these were very striking objects, but there is a circumstance in this happy climate which gives a further beauty to these scenes. Every rock, except those which were absolutely

perpendicular, was clothed with natural forests of pine, not quite the same as our fir trees, but of the same family. Some of these rocky hills are thus clothed for miles, with myrtles in perfection below, and wild rosemary, lavender, thyme, and other aromatic plants. Wherever, also, there was the smallest valley, the ground was cultivated and bore corn and grapes, and even in the clefts of the rocks, where there was the least quantity of soil, the industry of the inhabitants had planted various vegetables; and among others, in holes on the sides of the rocks, the caper plant, a beautiful flower, *Polyandria monogynia*, then in blossom. What a situation for a naturalist! Olive trees were also among the rocks, and as we came nearer Toulon the hills and valleys were crowded with them, and in the fullest vigour, for the desolation of the last winter had not reached them.

Toulon is a large, well-built city, the great naval arsenal for the Mediterranean. Here are two harbours (*Rades*), the outer and inner, both well secured. In the inner were many vessels, and on one side a number of ships of

war, unrigged, and regularly moored alongside each other. Several vessels were landing melons from the Isle of Hières; we bought some very large and excellent ones for sixpence each, which, we were told, was much above the common price. We saw no cockades here, nor any marks of rejoicing on account of the Revolution. Toulon, of course, is a government town, its principal inhabitants holding offices connected with the marine. E. R

Nice: Sunday Morning, 5 o'clock, August 2, 1789.

My dear Loves.—You will perhaps be surprised to find that I date from this place, as in a former letter I told you we had given up all thoughts of extending our journey so far, but having since that time been very alert in getting forward, we found we had time just to peep at this celebrated land. We shall go through Turin to Geneva, and so down the Rhine to England. My last was written at Toulon in the morning, when my companions were teasing me to get into the coach, so that I hardly recollect what I said. Did I describe Toulon? if not, let me say that it is a well-

built fortified city, situated on a most beautiful bay of the Mediterranean. It is one of the King of France's principal harbours for ships of war, and is at this time well filled with very noble vessels. The stores are kept in the arsenal, which few foreigners, and particularly not the English, are permitted to see. Everything appears in good order and well arranged, and there is a quay on which in the evenings are crowds of well dressed people walking. This city, being inhabited principally by officers and others holding place under the King, did not exhibit the same revolutionary signs. Elsewhere, in every city, town, and village we had passed, every hat was adorned with a Revolution cockade, and our ears were saluted from every quarter with '*Vive la Nation, et les Tiers États.*' At Toulon there were no cockades to be seen, no acclamations to be heard, none but the usual appearances of French mirth, which are ever seen in the smiles of the women, and the lively manner in which the men with them sit round their doors to converse, and enjoy the pleasures of their delightful evening air. We left Toulon on Friday morning, and came

to Fréjus that day. It was the hottest day we had travelled; the thermometer was for several hours 85° and at one o'clock 87°. The road was also rough, and though it led us through uncultivated hills, covered with myrtles, tamarisks, box, cypress, juniper, &c., it was not sufficiently picturesque to make us insensible to the incessant jolts of the carriage, and to the extreme heat of the atmosphere. Towards evening, when the air became more temperate, our attention was pleasingly excited during a few miles by the profusion of those evergreens which in England are raised and preserved with difficulty in hothouses, among which the myrtles were in greatest abundance. The sides of some of the hills from their tops down to the low valleys were completely clothed with the vivid green of this charming shrub, many of them in blossom, and contributing, with the many other aromatic plants which flourish under the bright light of this southern sun, to fill the air with fragrance. In the course of this day's journey we first saw the cork tree, a native of these wild mountains, which, I should tell you, are a part of the Alps; that part which

extends nearest to the Mediterranean Sea. We arrived at Fréjus, for the first time handsomely tired, and, not having been able to get refreshment on the road, very hungry.

There was nothing in the appearance of Fréjus to give us comfort. It is an old town evidently in decay, and, though near the sea, yet not near enough to be considered a sea-port, nor near enough to admit of our refreshing ourselves by a stroll on the beach. We were just able to crawl about to behold the ruins of an amphitheatre, an old Roman gate-way, and part of an aqueduct. They are all much in decay, and I should suppose will crumble very fast, but we were glad to see the amphitheatre, for there was a part of it remaining which seemed to explain to us what was concealed by houses at Nismes. Our inn moreover was a very nasty one, but we did make shift to get a supper. Yesterday we rose soon after four and took leave of this wretched town. We were told to expect a fatiguing day's journey, as the road lay over a high mountain, but the air was cooler and there was a pleasant breeze.

To l'Estrelles the road was very striking, passing through quite a different country, in one continued ascent for several miles. The hills were clothed to the top with pines, myrtles, arbutus, rosemary, &c., varied with some deep valleys, and now and then a beautiful view of the Mediterranean; the road sometimes frightfully near the edge of steep precipices. At the post-house of l'Estrelles we did not get out, but had some eggs brought to us. At Napoule the country became plain and level, the road being near the sea-side, where we first saw the aloe growing. The land projects here so irregularly into the sea that it forms a succession of bays, which, being surrounded by high ground, must be secure places for ships to run into. On several of these projections were small but pretty towns, and about 12 o'clock we came to Antibes, which is built on one of the least of these bays. This is a clean and well-built town, and being a frontier town it is well fortified. We were here asked for our passport from Paris, and not having been told that it was necessary to keep it, we, for a moment, thought we had lost it. When we found it,

we sent our servant with it. He came back in a fright, saying that the Commandant did not understand the passport, and that he ordered us all to be brought before him. We were obliged to obey, but instead of finding a surly fellow in office we found an agreeable polite gentleman. The form of the passport, on account of the change at Paris, was new to him, and no other travellers having come from Paris to Antibes, he requested leave to keep it. He asked us many questions about the Revolution, and seemed very desirous of hearing news. He talked about England; and a servant who stood by him told us in English that he [the servant] was always glad to see Englishmen, for he had been three years a prisoner in England during the late war, and had been so well treated that he should always love them. The Commandant gave us the necessary passport for leaving France, and politely dismissed us. At Antibes we bought a fine water melon at a little shop. The master of the house, seeing we were English, jumped into the shop and began to talk politics. He said the English had a Revolution a hundred years before, but he

hoped the French now would have a more complete one.

We are very well; I wish I could at this moment be certain that you were so. But I shall hear at Geneva. God bless you,

E. R.

Nice: Sunday Morning, 10 o'clock, August 2, 1789.

My dear Loves,—Though I have already written to you this morning, yet, as we make rather a longer stay here than elsewhere, and as it is rather too warm to walk out, I begin another letter. My last gave you an account of our leaving Antibes. The road thence to this place is along the sea shore. The appearance of the sea is very striking, and differs in many respects from that which surrounds our islands. There being no tides, the waves, except in stormy weather, are very small, and in this calm weather the sea presents a beautiful level surface. Its colour too is very different; near the shore, absolutely green, further in, a perfect blue; even under the small boats which passed by the shore, we could see the water green to a con-

siderable depth. And such beautiful water! such a blue unclouded sky! such a landscape of hills, woods, and rocks! and such a clear atmosphere! I no longer wonder these scenes have been so much celebrated by poets and painters; scenes which, independent of the knowledge that this country has been inhabited by one of the first nations of antiquity, would alone suffice to render it interesting. The country all round is highly cultivated; the olive trees much larger and more vigorous than those we before saw, and this year most plentifully loaded with fruit. The fig-tree is also very frequent, and seems to grow wild. The aloe too, though I believe not applied to any use, appears in some places to have been planted in lines, perhaps as hedges, for its thick fleshy leaves, sharply pointed at the ends, must be no trifling barrier to the approaches either of man or beast. The boundary which here separates the two kingdoms is the river Var; a mountain stream, broad and rapid in some of its channels, and easily fordable in the summer, but in the winter and after heavy rains it must be a formidable river to cross, as there is neither

bridge nor ferryboat.[1] On the French side is a small town in a state of ruin, but few of the houses being inhabited, and the rest tumbling down as fast as they can. Here were two or three soldiers on guard, who asked us for the commandant's *billet*, and then wished us a good journey. Believe me, I left France with regret. I shall probably never see it more, and I am indebted to this journey through it, and to the public circumstances at this time, for impressions which can never be erased from my mind. I have been much pleased with the country; I have been delighted with the people; industry, cheerfulness and good sense are conspicuous marks in their character. The late political event, so important to their future welfare, has been brought about by the courage and perseverance of the middle ranks, who appear to me more enlightened here than with us. In England, men alone talk politics, and this they do in taverns, where they are not animated, but rather confused, with drinking; here, in the public promenades and streets, the inhabitants

[1] There is now a wooden bridge, and a railway bridge, both constructed with difficulty.

of whole towns and districts all meet together, and mutually give and receive information. But I must stop. This subject, so peculiarly pleasing to me, would lead me too far, for I have been a witness to many of the effects produced by it. Let me return to my narrative.

On this side of the river we found ourselves in Italy, and though the face of the country is much the same as we had left in France, yet we soon remarked a difference in the dress and appearance of the people, especially of the Piedmontese women, who wear large umbrella hats, with their hair tied up tight round their heads. They are brown, have black eyes, and white teeth; I speak of the lower classes. We are in an hotel at Nice kept by an Englishman, everything comfortable, and we had a dinner yesterday *tout à l'Anglaise*, which we relished much—plain roast beef and boiled potatoes, with some special good draughts of porter.[1] Our beds too are good and clean, and a nice net surrounds them, which protects us effectually

[1] This was an excess of former times, for my father was a strict water-drinker in the latter part of his life.

from the mosquitoes, very troublesome in this hot season. We took a delightful walk last night by moonlight. The peculiar clearness of the air makes an evening walk much more agreeable than in England. Every object even by moonlight is distinctly seen, and far more illuminated than in our northern land. The sea, with the beams of the moon playing upon its almost smooth surface, the white rocks which in some places overhang the sea, the neat and lofty houses of Nice, and the company strolling about and sitting in groups, produced a pleasant scene—but I do not think the people seemed so merry as in France, or perhaps I only supposed it. After a good night's rest, we walked this morning towards the sea-side, and it soon became too hot to extend our walk; but we saw the poor galley slaves go to church—about 200 of them, chained, some of them, two and two together, and guarded by soldiers. We followed them to church, and heard an Italian priest preach to them. We had heard much of these unhappy creatures, and it is certainly melancholy to behold so many human beings in such a state of bondage, and some of them for their lives,

but they did not look miserable; some of them sang as they went along. They were nearly in the same condition as the English convicts at Woolwich. I am again sorry to find I am come to the limit of my paper.

God bless you. E. R.

Monday, Noon, August 3, 1789.

My dear Loves,—I am now writing in an inn at a small village in the Alps, about ten miles from Nice, on our way to Turin. Our mode of travelling is changed since we left France, and, believe me, much for the worse. In France we found horses at every stage, for the most part good, and the postillions very careful and civil, and, if we chose, we could travel 100 miles a-day, but at Nice we were obliged to make a bargain with the postman, or one who lets the horses and calls himself the post, to take us about sixty miles over the Alps, which is always done here with the same horses—and usually takes three days. And as we were obliged to take six horses and one for the servant, this unconscionable scoundrel would have charged us twenty-four louis and a half for this journey; after some

hesitation he agreed to take ten, and I believe has even now cheated us.

We left Nice at seven o'clock, having been detained by a blacksmith, who was to have come at three to repair a bolt. The road was remarkably fine, as good to travel upon as the turnpike roads in Norfolk. The horses went a good trot for about half a mile, but when we were expecting that they would quicken their pace, the first postillion put himself in a good position for repose and took a nap, whilst the other dismounted and took care that the horses should not crawl faster than he chose to walk. In this way we were three hours reaching this place. Here they mean to stop four hours, and proceed in the afternoon with the same rapidity. The country all around is very mountainous, and it is now so hot between the white rocks that we are obliged to stay within.

Soon after I had written to you yesterday, we were waited upon by Mr. Green, the British Consul. He said he came to pay his respects to us, hearing we were English, but the true reason was to hear news from Paris. He is the only one we have met since we left

Paris who is not a blue and white, for *that*, I must tell you, is the colour of the cockade worn in some places since the Revolution took place; in others it is blue, white, and red. He was, however, very polite, and asked us to drink tea with him, which we could not do. Another gentleman, Signor Farandi, a medical man who attends English families at Nice, also called on us, and offered his services in showing us the town. We found him a very intelligent man, speaking English well. He went with us on board a felucca to a neighbouring port, called 'Villa Franca,' situated in one of the commodious bays with which I told you this coast abounds. We were rowed by eight Genoese sailors, singing all the way. The evening was very fine, and the sea of an intense blue colour. The rocks on the shore are dreadful—they project into, and in many places overhang the sea, and must on stormy nights be very dangerous. On our way back we passed the place where the galley slaves are confined for the night—a wretched abode—indeed, very like a large dog-kennel for a pack of hounds, and not much cleaner. We could see them all through the rails, and were sur-

prised to see them so cheerful. One of them put his hand through, and said, 'I sarve Inglitch two years, give me something.' I gave him sixpence; he said, 'God bless Inglitch.' The beautiful moon was by this time risen, and we walked a little while on the promenade, which was crowded with the best company in Nice. We then retired to the hotel, from the windows of which we were for a little while amused by seeing two women and a soldier dance a favourite and nimble Piedmontese dance, called the *Courante*, another soldier playing a lively tune on the mandoline.

Tuesday, Noon, August 4, 1789.

You would find by the former part of this letter, which was written yesterday, that I was at that time just a little out of humour with our mode of travelling; but the journey in the afternoon reconciled us to it, for I found the nature of the country admitted of no other. Immediately after leaving the place where we dined, we began to ascend a true Alpine mountain. The road all the way from Nice has been made only two years,

and is a wonderful monument of human industry,[1] being, as we mounted higher, an artificial zig-zag, cut at an enormous expense on the sides of some of the highest mountains we have yet seen. The ascent was as gradual as the mountain admitted, and the road a most excellent one. The view down some of the precipices made us almost giddy, though the edge of the road was guarded by a secure wall. From one high part we could distinctly see the Mediterranean and the isthmus on which Antibes stands; this was our farewell view of this beautiful sea. When half-way up we thought we had gained the highest part, and got out of the carriage and amused ourselves by throwing bits of rock down the precipice into a river, now a small stream, but which, after rain and the melting of snow, must be a mighty torrent. We were, however, much deceived in thinking this the summit. To our surprise we ascended in the same zig-zag way two hours more, and found, long before we were really at the top, that the peaks whose vast height had excited our

[1] Over the Col di Tenda, a road made by Vittor Amadeo III., seldom travelled now. The French revolutionary troops gained possession of this road in 1793.

wonder were now below us. About half-past five we began to descend : we left the carriage and walked a nearer way than the new road, but it was very rough and rocky, being in fact the old road, and not practicable for carriages. After walking in this way about an hour, a beautiful valley opened to us, well cultivated and full of houses, and, in the midst, the little town of Sospello, which lay before us like a map, and seemed so near that we imagined a short walk would bring us to it. But instead of this it took us more than two hours' fair walking to reach it ; the carriage, which continued almost all the way within sight, taking almost as long. We preferred walking on the old road because it was nearer, and because we wished to see how former travellers had made their way in this Alpine region. What a road ! how steep in some places, how narrow and rough in all ! We met some mules, which, being singularly sure-footed, and shod in a peculiar way, were just able to keep their feet. When we came near the town we found some symptoms of cheerfulness even in this sequestered spot. A few young men and women who had been making hay were dancing

merrily, and we thought gracefully, to a lively tune from the violin which another peasant played as he lay on a little hay. On remarking their cheerfulness to a priest who had joined us, 'Yes,' he said 'they do this, *pour oublier leur misère.*' We left Sospello at 4 o'clock (August 4), and by about 11 o'clock reached an inn near a small town called Broglio.[1] The road to it was very similar to that we passed yesterday afternoon. We were nearly as long ascending another mountain, and we were foolish enough to walk down it in the broiling sun. However, we have been well refreshed by breakfast, and shall be able to proceed in a few hours. God bless you all.

E. R.

Limo :[2] Wednesday Morning, August 5, 1789.

My dear Loves,—Though the letter which I wrote yesterday is not yet posted and must wait for our arrival at Turin to-morrow, yet, having a little leisure while the poor animals

[1] More properly Breglio (see Rampoldi). A sanguinary conflict took place here in 1794 with the revolutionary troops, who gained possession of the little town and castle.

[2] More properly Limona, the entrance to the Col di Tenda on the southern side, a place of some importance.

are reposing in the middle of the day, I cannot forbear writing you an account of our progress within the last 24 hours. Could a line be drawn from the place we were then at and this place, it would measure a very few miles —indeed, if the whole way which the carriage traversed were measured, I believe it would be about 30 miles. I must not say that what we saw yesterday surpassed all that had gone before; it was totally different, for, by the afternoon the road lay entirely at the bottom of a valley by the side of a river which runs to Nice, and which we had seen several times before. Here there was only space for the road and the stream, the road itself having in some places been cut out of the rock with enormous labour, and sometimes excavated in the form of an arch, which had a very pleasing effect as we passed under it. The scenery being so very picturesque and the high rocks above us affording a good shade, we opened the landau, and you may conceive the treat it was to be thus slowly drawn for many miles through such a country. The mountains here were higher than any we had before seen, and more irregular in form. Our

eyes ached with looking at so many objects presented to our view, and I am sure the back of my neck ached in looking up at the tops of these perpendicular rocks. Their sides were in many places much broken, and many a projecting mass seemed as if ready to be thrown down by the first wind. Streams of water, here and there, were pouring from their clefts, forming even in this dry season no inconsiderable cataracts. In some places the water issued from the very bottom of the rock, and must have travelled a wonderful way through the interior of the mountain before finding such a vent. The pines which abounded in the former parts of the road gave way in this neighbourhood to the chestnut, and the change was much for the better. In the midst of a natural grove of these noble trees, and in a situation less rude than many we had passed, was a convent; a well built house, but without inhabitants. They told us it was to be converted into an inn; a better purpose, you will think, to entertain the weary traveller, than to support a number of unsocial and lazy beings.

This country is not without inhabitants;

we saw dwellings in situations so elevated that one wonders how they could have been built, and how human beings could have been prevailed upon to inhabit them. In one place, not the least picturesque of those we have seen, there was actually a town apparently as little accessible. It seemed to hang in the air, and to be attached on one side only to the rock. I think I told you before that this wonderful road had been lately made at the expense of the present King of Sardinia. On the face of a rock on the side of the road is a large Latin inscription, denoting that this capital road was made by him 'Ferro et Flammâ,' the latter being sufficiently evident in a thousand places. At Tenda we found the worst inn and the worst treatment we have yet experienced in the whole of our journey—the house a wretched one, with no chimney, nor any glass in the windows, and every part offensively dirty. The master of it attempted the most extravagant imposition, but our servant, who had been here before, found out the commandant, who obtained better treatment for us. Yesterday (August 4) we rose at three, being

anxious to quit this wretched place as early as possible. We were three hours ascending to a house in the mountains, where we got some eggs. The form of this mountain was so unfavourable to a road, that an attempt had been made to perforate a way in a straight line through the body of the mountain, which would certainly have been the most extraordinary road ever formed by human hands, and would have saved fifteen miles; but the workmen had not penetrated far when they came to a cavern extending downwards which they could not fathom, and which proved an insuperable obstacle to the attempt.

We are now (Wednesday evening) arrived at a town called Coni[1]—a poor town and a stinking inn. For some miles before we arrived we lost the mountains and passed over a fertile and well-watered plain, full of corn and mulberry trees, with fine chestnut trees, and some neighbouring hills of beech. The road was also full of crucifixes and chapels, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Coni

[1] More properly Cuneo. The French, after the Battle of Marengo, razed the fortifications to the ground.

is a fortified town; on approaching it we were disgusted with the sight of many skulls nailed to different gallows not far from the gates. In the principal streets many persons were playing at ball, and ladies and gentlemen, officers, and abbés, with crowds of common people, were looking on.

Thursday evening.—Arrived at Turin, and for the first time saw an English paper. I was pleased to read Mr. Windham's speech respecting supplying the French with corn. We shall soon be at Geneva, where I shall have your letter. God bless you!

E. R.

Geneva: Tuesday Morning, August 11, 1789.

My dear Loves,—It is four days since I have had the pleasure of writing to you, for since we left Turin we have been constantly on the road in the daytime, and in the evenings I have had no opportunity of taking out my paper-case. We arrived here last night, so that I have not yet had the happiness of getting your letters, but shall not finish this until I have them. I think in my last, which

was sent from Turin, my narrative extended no further than our arrival at Coni; I shall therefore resume it from that place. We lodged there, and notwithstanding the bad air with which the whole inn, and especially our rooms, were impregnated, I slept soundly, and found myself perfectly well on Thursday morning. Our route to Turin was through a vast plain; in some places it is, I should suppose, about sixty miles across, bounded, as appeared to us, almost circularly by high mountains. It is covered with an excellent soil, and watered by a variety of streams which are occasionally let over its whole surface. Nothing can surpass the fertility of this extended level, of which you may form some idea when I tell you that hemp grows here with a luxuriance equal to that which is described as growing in America, by the author of the 'American Farmer's Letters,' and which account until now I thought fabulous. In many places it acquires more than fifteen feet in height, and is proportionately strong and branching. There are large tracts covered with forests of this vegetable—of this tree I may almost say.

Wheat, Turkey corn, rice, clover, and common grass, are equally vigorous; the grass they usually cut four times in the year. There are circumstances which will sufficiently account for this extraordinarily productive vegetation, for scarcely any limits can be set to the growth of plants where they are favoured with a rich soil, a warm atmosphere, strong light, and abundant moisture. This whole plain has probably been at one time a vast lake, and its surface is composed of the accumulated animal, vegetable, and mineral matter deposited. The warmth of this summer atmosphere, and the bright and almost constant light the sun affords where the rays are seldom intercepted by clouds, are sufficiently obvious; but the abundance of water which vegetables meet with here, and without which the rich soil and bright sun could do little to promote their growth, I must explain. To obtain this, human industry has taken advantage of natural circumstances. From the sides and bases of these mountains streams are constantly issuing, which must fall into this plain, but would, if left to their natural course, soon unite in the Po, and con-

tribute only to the increase of that river. But the exact level of the plain having been taken, the water from the higher grounds has been conveyed so artfully over its surface as to irrigate, when necessary, every part. This excellent method of watering this plain is not, however, a modern improvement, but was known and practised by the Romans, and it was the extraordinary fertility of this plain which they say Hannibal,[1] when he had passed the Alps, pointed out to his tired and almost exhausted troops, as affording an ample reward for the fatigue they had undergone in this, perhaps, most extraordinary of human enterprises. But I scarcely know where my subject is leading me; I meant only to have conveyed you across the plains of Piedmont to Turin, and I already find myself in Hannibal's camp, and see him haranguing his brave soldiers. In the midst of this beautiful plain stands the city of Turin. This is the capital of the King of Sardinia, who resides here as Prince of Piedmont, of which Turin is the metropolis. We reached this at four o'clock, and were required to give our

[1] 'Count Stolberg's Travels,' p. 197. Note by Dr. Rigby.

names at the gate. It is a well fortified city, and having fine squares and some public buildings in a good style of architecture, it is reckoned one of the best cities in Europe. It fails, however, in one circumstance of the first consequence to the appearance and salubrity of a town, I mean in cleanliness. The same streams which with so much art have been conveyed over the whole of the surrounding plain, are, it is true, here introduced, and pass through every street with a broad and rapid current, but notwithstanding this, Turin is a filthy place, and, as the nose bears sufficient testimony, the air is very impure in every part of the city. This is in some measure accounted for by the mode in which the principal houses are built and let. To produce a magnificent appearance, most of the houses are so large as to be inhabited by many families; in some there are from ten to twenty. One approach to the several apartments is from an inner court, into which the back windows look. Compared with the height of the house, for some I observed to be seven stories high, this is a very small quadrangle, and as there is no other reservoir

for the various kinds of dirt produced by so many families than this court and the outer street, it is all deposited either in the one or the other. The street being wide, well ventilated, and well watered, the air is less intolerable than one would expect; but in the confined courts, where the filth is perpetually accumulating, the air is beyond description offensive, and I wonder it does not become a source of constant infection. How lamentably indeed are the advantages of this excellent climate lost through the bad management of its inhabitants, and I must add, by the form of government, which, notwithstanding the acknowledged goodness of the present monarch, is arbitrary, and shows itself in a thousand disagreeable effects. For to bad government must be ascribed the circumstance that the city is full of ecclesiastics, soldiers, and beggars. Among the latter miserable beings are such instances of deformity as I never saw before—such dwarfs with bent legs, crooked bodies, and cadaverous countenances, as must shock every one not familiarised to such objects. The sight of the King's palace presented too great a con-

trast to the things without to give us pleasure. The rooms were numerous and large, all superabounding with looking-glasses, and with gilding without end. There were two galleries full of paintings, but few of the best masters. There were, however, some things which afforded pleasure at Turin, though there is, I am persuaded, a vast deal of misery. When the heat of the day was over, the thermometer having been 80° at four o'clock, we betook ourselves to the promenades. The two evenings we were at Turin the moon shone beautifully, and the streets and walks were full of people of different ranks, all apparently, even the poorest and most miserable, enjoying themselves. We met parties who were walking and singing, accompanied by that pleasing instrument which seems peculiar to this part of the world, the mandoline. I am no great judge of singing, but I think if some of the voices which we heard in the streets of Turin were heard in the Cathedral close of Norwich, they would be in no small estimation. We were also much pleased with the Italian theatre, where we saw a very natural and laughable comedy.

But the greatest pleasure was derived from the kindness of M. Negri, one of the most respectable merchants here, who is a very polite and sensible man. He accompanied us to many places, and, among others, to the Hospital, a very large and dirty building, with 600 beds, few of them of iron, and in which, besides the filthy crowded wards, the most striking thing I remarked was in the apothecary's room, where a young man was making 200 blisters!

Nine o'clock.—We have been to the Post-Office, and, to our surprise, found no letters. This circumstance has distressed me more than I can say. I have been longing with even a painful expectation to arrive at this place, that I might enjoy the greatest pleasure I can have during absence from my dear family, and I scarcely know how to bear the disappointment. A thousand painful reflections crowd into my mind, the possibility of what may have happened in five weeks to those I so much love. But let me compose myself: I will suppose that the confusion in France has interrupted the post, and I will still hope to hear in a few days. I only hope

you have had my letters, for I have written every day but two since I have been away, and I fervently trust that this may reach you, if it be only to tell you that I am well.

God bless you all. E. R.

Geneva : Tuesday Evening, August 11, 1789.

My dear Loves,—Since I wrote in the morning I have been made more happy by receiving one letter from S., dated July 15, ... and I will endeavour to continue my narrative. On Saturday morning last we left Turin and turned our faces towards the North. About twenty miles of our road was through the same fertile plain I described before. We passed Susa, a fortified town among the rocks, rendered impregnable apparently both by art and nature. At Novalese, the next stage, a town at the foot of the Alps, we were obliged again to change our mode of travelling, the mountains being here higher and more precipitous than those we had before passed, and, though still in the King of Sardinia's dominions, his Majesty had not here constructed such a road as that between Nice and Turin. It was accord-

ingly necessary that the carriage should be taken in pieces, and carried on mules, and that we should ourselves mount the same animals. We thus began our march over Mont Cenis, the summit of which we had for some time seen, covered with everlasting snow. This being the month of August, which in England is usually hot, and in this climate in the valleys exceedingly so, it was very striking to behold the effects of two such opposite climates—the torrid zone on the plains, and the frigid zone on the tops of the mountains—the poor traveller fainting under the most oppressive heat, while he has before his eyes such vast tracts of snow. The road, though attended with some inconveniences, was perfectly safe. We were much struck by the numerous cascades produced by the melting of the snow, and as we ascended they increased in number and rapidity. Near the highest part of the road there is a lake of great depth, which probably in this high region had been the crater of a volcano. Some fine alabaster rocks (sulphate of lime) surround this singular spot. At the post-house near, which I think was

called l'Hôpital, we unexpectedly found excellent refreshment; good butter, cheese, cream, bread and wine. It was about six in the evening when we reached the summit of the road, and began to descend on the north side. Here fresh mules were provided for us, but we thought it safer to walk down. This we did with no inconsiderable fatigue, and as the sun was set before we reached our place of destination, our walk in spite of the beautiful moon was a little unpleasant. On approaching Lanslebourg the road became very precipitous, and in the winter-time when covered with snow travellers descend this part in a sledge. We reached Lanslebourg before nine, and got some refreshment. The next morning presented us a most extraordinary view. Immense forests of lofty spruce and larch firs, with patches here and there of beautiful green, where the fine grass had been mowed. To the right and left the mountains rose still higher, and were covered with snow seemingly very near us, while below us was a rapid snow torrent. We now proceeded through a most wild and picturesque country. In the valleys we ob-

served many villages, and the land appeared to be well cultivated, but in many places the corn was not ripe. We also saw gooseberry bushes and red currants, but not ripe, which was sufficiently accounted for by the thermometer being only 51° this morning. Our next stage was St. Michel—always in sight of rapid torrents which became wider and wider, fed by the many cascades which tumble into them from the mountain tops. Their roaring noise, their foaming surface, the masses of rock over which they tumble, are very striking; while the dense forests around, the residence of bears and wolves, add not a little to the *horrid* grandeur of the scene. Where cultivation has been possible there appear to be good crops of corn. Here there were a few vines and strawberries—the latter a proof of the difference of climate between this place and Turin. Our route, which, I may add, for more than forty miles was on the descent, now took us through St. Jean de Maurienne, a pretty town, near which we observed some large rocks of mica and alabaster. We slept at a dirty place called Aiguebelle, where goitres, which we had seen from time to

time, were more abundant both in men and women. We left this at five, and passing through a populous country, fertile beyond description, reached Chambery at half-past nine. This is the capital of Savoy, an old city full of inhabitants, but very dirty. The roads in this neigbourhood were excellent, and the city is surrounded with charming country-houses delightfully situated. Some distant mountains with snow on them were still visible. There were some very pretty women at the inn where we stopped, and some of the French runaway Noblesse were also here. To Aix Les Bains, where we found the temperature of the hot spring to be 108°, and on to Roumilly we observed the same fertile country, reaching Corrouge near Geneva, where we passed the night, at half-past ten. This morning, before five o'clock we passed through Geneva to Sécheron to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, whence I now write. We soon walked into Geneva, and called on M. Pasteur, to whom we had letters. The houses of the old town are singular; large arched roofs overhang the streets and shade the shops. I visited the hospital,

which is large, and admits lunatics, having in all 600 beds, but they are much too near each other, and the curtains are woollen and dirty. We also saw St. Peter's Church, built when the Catholic religion was professed here, but stript at the Reformation of all its ornaments. We returned on the Lake, and have been again in the same way in the afternoon, when we enjoyed a sail of two hours on the *blue* waters of this most beautiful lake. Let me thank S. again for her kind letter. God bless you all.

E. R.

Vevay: Monday Noon, August 17, 1789.

My dear Loves.—On our way from Geneva to this place I have hitherto been without the means of writing, as our journey has been principally on foot, and I was therefore under the necessity of packing up my writing-case, &c., in the trunk. This has been no small mortification to me, as one of my greatest pleasures is to write to you. . . . I shall resume my narrative from Geneva. You have often heard of Geneva as distinguished by the excellent form of govern-

ment established there, and we were long enough there to be convinced that it is one of the best regulated cities we have yet seen. The people are remarkably orderly and well behaved, industrious, well clothed and well fed. Geneva seems also a desirable residence for well educated and literary persons. The climate is excellent, the environs beautiful, the society good, and perhaps in no other place are the middle classes of society so well informed and so literate. The city is full of inhabitants, and the surrounding country, which belongs to the Republic, is crowded with houses, delightfully situated on the declivities of hills which border upon the Lake; these houses are principally inhabited by an industrious peasantry, and among them are scattered the country houses of the more wealthy inhabitants of Geneva. The number of carriages which passed our inn at Sécheron, full of genteel people and handsome women, made the road very lively. The situation of the city is most romantic, at the head of the beautiful Lake where the Rhone pours forth its rapid current. Prince Edward of England (Duke of Kent) was here; we saw him

several times driving and riding, attended only by an English groom. We were told that he gave frequent concerts in Geneva. We left this most agreeable place on Thursday, the 13th, and took our way for the glaciers. The road being for the most part impassable for a large carriage, we sent the coach and servant to Lausanne, and took a carriage from Geneva to Salenche, a distance of about 30 miles. At Bonneville we entered Savoy, which, being a Catholic country, we again met with our old acquaintances, monks, soldiers, and beggars. The morning being cloudy, the neighbouring hills were concealed from our view. We reached Salenche at 3 o'clock, a town situated in a picturesque valley surrounded by mountains, Mont Blanc being distinguished among them like a giant among tall men. The cloudy, rainy weather that had prevailed for the last few days had totally hidden the snowy summit of this extraordinary mountain, to the disappointment of the multitudes who were assembled at Salenche to behold it; and we had met two Englishmen going to Geneva to wait till the weather should be clearer. But Mont Blanc

was very civil to us. We had not been at Salenche a quarter of an hour before he uncovered his majestic head. Tremendous sight! The way in which the journey is usually continued is on mules or in *chars à bancs*, which are the carriages of the country, but there was so much company at Salenche that every thing was engaged. Here, therefore, our difficulties began, if such they would be called to persons who went laughing all the way. There was nothing to be done but to foot it all the way to Chamouny: this was 18 miles off, and it was now four o'clock in the afternoon. But we took courage, and began our march, taking with us two cheerful guides, to show the way and carry our luggage. For the first five or six miles the road was totally level, but before we were half over it it began to rain most abundantly, and we were soaked through in a few minutes. For, let me tell you, the mountain showers here are not the gentle, soft-descending showers of England, but are produced by big and heavy clouds, fully charged with water, which seem to let it go the instant they touch the tops or sides of these mountains. In this condition

we trudged up several high hills whose rough and broken surfaces were not only unpleasant to the feet, but in some degree dangerous; more especially as we had occasionally to pass through torrents which at this time were much increased in volume. But as no small degree of exertion was necessary in performing this journey, and it lasted six hours, we had never time to cool, and therefore took no harm. In one part we passed some deep caverns, with mines of lead and silver dust. We stopped about seven o'clock at a home among the rocks near there, where we got some refreshments, and I put on a dry shirt and waistcoat. We here saw curious models of the glaciers which they urged us to buy, and certainly they were more interesting and probably more correct than any maps or plans of such a peculiar country could be.

It was dark long before we reached Chamouny, and as we approached it we were met by two men who offered themselves as guides, and told us that no beds were to be had at either of the inns. We were much pleased with one of them, and engaged them both. They conducted us to the inn where

we supped, and then passed a rather uncomfortable night in a Savoyard cottage. The next morning (Friday, August 14), though our slumbers had not been very perfect, we found ourselves quite well, and ready to ascend another hill. Mont Blanc was immediately before us, the sun shone bright and the atmosphere was clear. The various accounts which I had heard of the glaciers represented a visit to them as full of difficulties and dangers, but, believe me, both are such only as a very moderate degree of perseverance and care will overcome. We set off each of us with a long staff, like so many Foresters. We had been so well trained to the practice of climbing mountains that we were less fatigued with scrambling up to the *Montagne verte*, which is the way to the first glacier, than we had expected. We were indeed three hours in ascending, and were frequently obliged to repose ourselves on pieces of rock, or broken trees, '*pour souffler*' as the guides called it, but even at such times we were well rewarded for our labour by the delightful prospect before us which more and more opened on our sight as we ascended. The

part of the mountain properly called *green* is about 2000 yards higher than the level of the sea, and in this place assumes a less rude appearance, and offers moreover a little pasturage for a few cows which are sent up for a few months in the summer. A miserable little hut, which is the residence of two hideous Savoyard women who have the care of the cows, afforded us a refreshing draught of excellent milk. Within two or three hundred yards of this spot we came to the edge of a steep declivity which opened to our view the extraordinary valley of ice which was the object of our visit. This valley is bounded on each side by high rocks whose summits are covered with snow, and from those opposite to us several cascades poured out in considerable streams into this ocean of ice. As several parties had ascended before us, the scene was rendered still more picturesque by different groups scattered about, some walking on the ice, some scrambling up the hill, and some lying down on the sunny bank of the Green Mountain, refreshing themselves with provisions they had brought with them. We soon found our way to the ice, the

surface of which is much undulated, and in several places with deep fissures, through which streams of water are continually running. Some of them—the guides told us—had not been fathomed, and when a stone was thrown in we long heard the sound of its knocking against the sides.

What a wonderful and magnificent thing! An immense valley of solid ice, surrounded by stupendous mountains with their summits covered with snow. Not unaptly is it called *La Mer de Glace*, from its extent and its undulated surface. We walked some way upon it. It is not clear, slippery ice, like that produced by the freezing of large surfaces of water, but has evidently been all originally snow, the surface of which has been partially melted, and then frozen again. But had it been slippery, our staffs with pointed iron ends would have secured us from falling. There are many deep cavities in which the ice appears blue, but this is a fallacy, it being only a blue shadow produced by the interception of the sun's light. It was the deepest blue in the fissures, and on the shaded side of every prominence. There are frequent

streams also in the clefts of the ice. We drank some of the clear, cold water, which one of our guides facetiously remarked must be good because no frogs could get to it.

The *Rhododendron ferrugineum* grows most abundantly here, even very near the ice, but I did not see the Cyclamen, which grew plentifully between Bonneville and Salenche—indeed there were few conspicuous flowers in this high region. We boiled water to ascertain how much the weight of the atmosphere was diminished at this elevation. It began to boil at 192°, but in a second experiment, after boiling for some time, it rose to 203° (at Chamouny it boiled at 208° 9). We returned another way down the mountain, to see the formation of one part of the glaciers, where a very singular phenomenon takes place. The snow which is constantly melting produces numberless cascades, which run down the surface of the mountain—but in some parts the water passes under the ice and issues from under an enormous arch of ice, in such a quantity as to form a river called the Arve. From seven in the morning to five in the afternoon was thus employed

in our visit to the glacier, and we found on our return that we had not walked less than twenty miles.

The mines in this neighbourhood abound with rock crystal, amiantus, molybdæna and pyrites. The boys came with good specimens to sell as in Derbyshire. I was much struck with their open countenances and ingenuous manners. Our intelligent guide—Melchiort Symond, as he has written his name in my memorandum book, informed us that there are three thousand inhabitants in the valley, and described his own family as an instance of the happiness they enjoyed. He has a wife and five children—a cottage and a small piece of land which is his own—he has six cows and six sheep which feed on the mountain, he has a little corn and plenty of milk and honey, and of course he keeps bees. In the summer he earns something as a guide, and in the winter he works as a carpenter. On the following morning (Saturday, August 15) we meant to have visited another glacier, the glacier called Les Boissons,[1] which is nearer and more accessible, but our guides

[1] Des Bossons.

could not attend us till the afternoon. It was the day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, when a peculiar mass was to be said, and a procession to take place which it was their duty to attend. Moreover, we accompanied them to church, and were much struck with the simplicity and devotion of the rustic congregation. One single priest did the whole duty, a good, honest-looking Curé; his manner was in keeping with that of his congregation. He exhibited an appearance of genuine devotion and ingenuous simplicity, and seemed calculated to do more honour to his religion than the more dignified priests of France and Italy. During the service all the women and some of the men put on a white dress, something like the countrymen's slop in Norfolk—each of them being provided with a *bougie*. I found that these were to be the principals in the procession, which began in the church, the priest leading the way and followed closely by men carrying different kinds of crosses. The whole crowd thus arranged went once round the church, and then returned to their respective places in it as before, where the mass

continued half an hour longer. Our guides were now ready to attend us to the Boissons, our walk to which was less fatiguing and more agreeable than that of the day before. We did not ascend so high a mountain, nor get into the same kind of valley; this glacier being formed on the side of the mountain, like an enormous icicle streaming from the main body. The ice, however, was here more clear and glossy, and the projections higher and more rocky in shape, forming a much wilder and more romantic scene than the other. In our descent we observed some enormous masses of rock which had been precipitated from the higher part of the mountain, as M. Symond said, with a tremendous noise, destroying many trees. These rocks are all of granite of different kinds, and very beautiful. I obtained some statistical information from our worthy guide. The best land in Chamouny sells for thirty sous the *toise carrée*, three hundred *toises* make an *arpent*. *Un grand écu et demi de France* is given for a year's rent. He said that for some exceptional land twenty louis an *arpent* had been given. The inhabitants

pay an annual quit rent to the Canons of St. James' of Salenche. They wished to be released from this burden, and the Canons demand 58,000 French livres to exonerate them. A purse is making for this purpose among the people, and he had already paid four louis for himself and his family. The magistracy of the valley consists of six counsellors and a Syndic. M. Symond is one of the Counsellors, and in two years will be a Syndic. But I am again stopped by want of room. On the Sunday morning, August 16, we rose before three and set off on mules to pass another mountain on our way into Switzerland. The morning was clear, and the little moon there was shone brightly, and we took our leave of Mont Blanc, which was visible to his very summit; not a cloud resting upon him. A most sublime appearance! The same respectable man who was our guide to the glaciers, attended us over the mountain to Bex. God bless you all, my loves; I wish I were with you, to be certain you are all well.

E. R.

Lausanne : Monday Night, August 17, 1789.

My dear Loves,—You will find by the appearance of this letter that I have again taken possession of my writing apparatus. Our journey on Sunday was from Chamouny which is in Savoy, to Bex[1] which is in one of the cantons of Switzerland. We were furnished with four mules, and had a muleteer beside our sensible guide. We were mounted by three o'clock, but two of my companions, not liking the peculiar paces of these extraordinary animals, thought proper to walk; but, as I learned that a great part of the road would be such as to oblige me to walk, I preferred to save my legs where I could. Part of the way was a descent, and as the way was steep and rocky, and moreover, one which very few travellers go, we found it a horrid road indeed, and for a little while I was not without apprehensions that my beast would stumble and send me headlong down some of the precipices; but M. Symond, in whom we now placed great confidence, assuring me that these animals scarcely ever

[1] By the Col de Balme.

fell down, and himself leading the way, I advanced boldly, though on such roads as one would suppose no four-footed animal could pass; but it is wonderful with what care and apparent discernment these creatures pick their way. I was eager to get as near the top of the mountain as I could before the sun rose, having often heard that the snowy tops of these hills are particularly beautiful when the rays first touch them, and I was not disappointed. The air was clear, and the whole of that grand ridge of mountains which is connected with Mont Blanc, was distinctly visible by the light of the moon. By degrees the Eastern sky began to be light, and at the time when, had we been on a plain, we should have seen the sun rise, the very top of Mont Blanc began to be illuminated, and appeared of a beautiful orange colour. As the sun rose higher the colour turned more yellow, and in a short time the perfect white of the snow showed itself. The tops of all the hills, some of them with sharp-pointed peaks, soon became bright, and, contrasted with the dark woods on their sides, and the fertile valleys below, still in

shade, produced a most picturesque scene. The hill we were climbing being between us and the East, deprived us of the benefit of the sun's rays for about two hours, which was a subject of no small lamentation, for in that high region it was very cold. By the time we began to feel the warmth of the sun we found ourselves on a part of the mountain less steep and but little rocky. Here nature had clothed the ground with a very fine pasturage, of which the peasants below take advantage, and send up every summer a certain number of cows. There were 160 cows here, which range free, and are tended by a little society of eight or ten men, two women, and some boys. It is the business of these people to milk them and convert the milk into cheese, for which they are paid by the owners so much per head. Our faithful guide, M. Symond, had three cows here, so that through his means we got milk and cream, which, with bread and cheese we had brought from Chamouny, afforded us an excellent breakfast. The short grass which grows here seems to produce the best milk, being probably unmixed with plants which

elsewhere affect its colour and flavour. Water boiled here at 198°. This place was about nine miles from Chamouny, and we were yet not near the summit, so up we continued our route, passing several large patches of snow hard enough to bear us; and a little before nine came to the highest part of the mountain. On this spot is a large stone as a boundary mark between Savoy and Switzerland. Here we commanded the most extraordinary prospect. On the one side was the whole valley of Chamouny, with Mont Blanc, the glacier mountains, and other equally stupendous mountains in the Valais, all of which, and especially Mont Blanc, appeared higher than we had before seen them. On the other side lay Switzerland—a country of mountains only, rising one above the other with the utmost variety of forms. We could see but little valley, though in one of them which was very distant, we just caught sight of the Rhone. From this point we began to descend, and as the road was very steep and rocky, we had to abandon our mules and take to our feet. It was a most fatiguing

journey, and the sun being then in our faces and shining with considerable force, we were pretty handsomely sweated. In the course of this descent we were struck with many singular aspects of Alpine scenery. Several valleys seemed to be inhabited, and there was one full of buildings, called houses, which seemed scarcely fit for the residence of human beings. The houses, as far as we could judge at our distance from them, seemed to be built of large blocks and pieces of rock, rudely placed together. They were much below us, and the valley looked like a vast burying-ground—the houses much resembling rude tombs scattered over its whole surface. It being Sunday there were several parties on the road; the women seemed all of one family—they so much resembled each other. They were tall and muscular, with large aquiline noses. Our whole descent from the top of the mountain to Martigny was about twelve miles. About a mile from Martigny we mounted the mules again and arrived there at half-past one.[1]

[1] Martigny was seen to advantage then. The calamity which overwhelmed the place by the bursting of the waters of the Drance above it, took place in 1818.

From Martigny to Bex, which we reached at half-past seven, we rode all the way, the road being through one continued valley bounded by the same romantic rocks. The Rhone here issues suddenly from between two high rocks, as if the mountain had just separated wide enough to give it a passage. On our way we stopped to see a most beautiful cascade, where the water falls perpendicularly about 200 feet, and is so divided in its fall that it does not look like water but like white foam or froth, yet, when its particles unite again at the foot of the rock, it immediately forms a river as big as that at Norwich. The Rhone, which here begins to be rapid, the little town of St. Maurice, built under a rock, and the many pretty women we saw between St. Maurice and Bex, were pleasing objects on the way. The evening was fine, and the slow ride on the mules very pleasant. At Bex, which is in the canton of Berne, we found a most comfortable inn; we supped at a *table d'hôte*, waited upon by the master, his son, and his daughter. Several parties of ladies and gentlemen who seemed to be taking excursions in the country supped with

us; they all spoke French. The most perfect political freedom seems to be enjoyed here, and there is no tax, except a small one on salt, and that, it was expected, would be taken off, as a new and productive salt-spring has been discovered in a neighbouring hill, which, with others long worked at Bex, will give the Government a considerable revenue. The men bear arms, when necessary, for the defence of the country. The soil is fertile, and abounds in corn, vines, and fruit; the lower classes are much at their ease, and the master of the inn assured me there was not one who had not the means of subsistence. We had ordered the carriage from Lausanne to meet us here at Bex, and when we found it we congratulated ourselves on our walks being over. This morning at six we left Bex, and at nine entered Villeneuve, a small town situated at the eastern extremity of the lake of Geneva. The view of the lake which here suddenly opened to our sight was inexpressibly pleasing. From this to Lausanne the road was all the way on the side of the lake, and for about twenty miles is charming indeed. We stopped at Vevay, a well-built

town. Tell B., who, if I mistake not, is an admirer of Rousseau, that this is the place which he celebrates as the residence of Julie, of Wolmar, &c. In the window of the inn I read a well-written panegyric on Vevay, expressing the writer's regret at leaving a city so full of innocence and happiness, and where, he adds, so many Julies, so many Wolmars, and so many Claras still reside. The beauty of the neighbouring country, the peculiar picturesqueness of the lake, the happy temperature of the climate, the abundance produced by a fertile soil, the perfect freedom of the Government, a religion without superstition, and the little intercourse of the inhabitants with the rest of the world, may perhaps have realised in this favoured spot what has so often been the subject of the moralist's and poet's praise, but has been supposed to exist only in the imagination of enthusiasts. Opposite Vevay, and plainly distinguishable from it across the lake, are the rocks of Meillerée, also immortalised by the same pen as the melancholy residence of St. Preux. At Vevay we saw large blocks of marble cut by machinery moved by a

water-wheel, and we bought a few specimens of the marble. We also here witnessed, and one of our companions profited by, an instance of the honour and honesty of the respectable innkeeper at Bex. We had not been long at Vevay when Mr. Woodhouse missed his watch, and concluded he had left it at Bex. I rallied him, and said he had given it to Annette, the pretty young woman who had waited upon us at supper. We thought it right, however, to endeavour to recover it, and I requested the master of the inn to procure a man and horse to go to Bex, which he agreed to do immediately; but on telling him the errand, he smiled, and said it would not be necessary, as if the gentleman had left his watch at Bex, it would be sent after him, as he was persuaded there was not an innkeeper in Switzerland who would be tempted to keep any article of value left by a traveller. However, he would order a horse to go. Meanwhile, I took a stroll into the street, and a heavy shower coming on, stood under an arch with some others to avoid the rain. To my surprise, in a few minutes, I saw the innkeeper's son from Bex walking quickly in the middle

of the street, regardless of the rain. I went up to him and said at once, 'I know what you bring.' I conducted him to our inn, where the watch was restored to the owner, and we were as much gratified by this trait of republican honesty as by our friend's recovery of his property. We gave him a louis, which he said was much more than his demand for walking twenty miles. We arrived at Lausanne at half-past six. The streets were full of carriages. Prince Edward of England and a lady were in a chaise and four, going to a concert given by Prince Reuss. Prince Edward was to give one to-morrow. We saw many ladies well painted and fashionably dressed.

I forgot to remark that the largest goitres we saw were at Martigny. One was a man, who was obliged always to lean back in órder to support the tumour, and he usually, as when we saw him, laid on his back. But the largest was on a woman; it was much larger than a common sized head.

But now God bless you. I hope to have your letters at Basle.

E. R.

Balstel : Thursday Evening, August 20, 1789.

My dear Loves,—Though I am only half a day's journey from Basle, where I expect your letters, and from which place I shall of course write in answer, yet having a quarter of an hour before supper, I cannot forbear devoting it to you. In my last letter I had just brought you to Lausanne, but I had not been into the town. The following morning, in the course of a few hours, we not only walked all over the city, but visited an eminence in the neighbourhood, whence the eye commands a view as agreeable as can be conceived, for it contains every variety that can give pleasure. The principal object is the expanded Lake of Geneva, the whole length of which from Geneva to Villeneuve may be seen when the air is clear, though including a length of sixty miles. It is here about twelve miles across, and the towns, rocks, and mountains of Savoy, which are on the opposite shore, are distinctly visible. Standing where we were, Lausanne was between us and the Lake, and added much to the

scene. The ground all around is very irregular, swelling into hills, and sinking into small protected valleys, richly cultivated, and their sides, descending to the Lake, covered with vineyards. I have seen many prospects which have more excited my wonder—the vast height of the Alpine mountains, the huge and broken masses of rocks, the immense tracts of snow and ice—but neither the eye nor the mind can dwell long on such prodigies of nature without something like fatigue, and as they are not connected with the idea of human residence, or, at least, of a comfortable existence, the continued view of them would be oppressive. The scene at Lausanne is the very reverse of this. Almost every one would say, 'I wish I could live here!' and that many have been similarly affected is evident from the number of foreigners, especially English, who take up their abode here. Most of the upper classes are literary. What a delightful place to retire to! Mr. Gibbon's house is near this eminence, and commands the same enchanting view. He has adverted to it with enthusiasm in the preface to the last volume of his celebrated

history. Many of the unfortunate French noblesse were already in Lausanne.

Friday, 3 o'clock. We are just arrived at Basle, and I am made happy, very happy, by S's letter. I was till now very anxious to be satisfied that your uneasiness respecting my stay at Paris was at an end. You will know, moreover, long before you receive this, that the accounts of the tumults in the provinces are not true; none at least existed in the course of our long peregrination through France. Our journey from Lausanne, by Moudon and Payerne, to Berne, was through a tame country, the scene consisting principally of pasture land and extensive woods of spruce. We slept at Moudon, which we left at half-past three, but though Berne was only at a distance of thirty-six miles, and the roads good, we did not reach it till eight o'clock P.M. This was owing to our having the same horses the whole way, which required them to rest a considerable while on the journey—a miserable arrangement this for travellers, which might be so easily altered. Between Payerne and Morat we passed the Lake of Morat, which is small but very beautiful, with several towns

on the margin. On the road near there is an immense pile of human bones, under an open building, yet not accessible to the passenger. They are the gathered remains of the Duke of Burgundy's conquered army in 1472. The battle was fought between the Swiss and the Duke, the town of Morat being besieged by him. We lodged one night at Berne, the capital of the largest canton in Switzerland; a large city but not very populous, most of the houses built on piazzas. The approach to the town is very pleasing; there are promenades in and near it, which command a very agreeable prospect of a small but rapid river which flows almost round the town, added to which there is a distinct view of an enormous chain of mountains almost rivalling Mont Blanc himself in height, and equally covered with everlasting snow. I visited the hospital; it is in part an infirmary, or, as we should call it, a workhouse. The wards were clean and airy. I had some conversation with the apothecary, he said Mr. Howard had lately been there on his way to Turkey, &c. We saw some convicts in the streets, such as are described by Howard. They were chained

to small light wagons. They looked healthy, were all smoking, and busily employed in sweeping the streets.

Basle is an old city, the capital of the canton Basle, well situated on the Rhine, a river that almost rivals the Rhone in the rapidity of its stream, and surpasses it in volume of water. Basle is still less populous than Berne, and of course more dull. Except in the market place, there is a good crop of grass throughout the whole town, but notwithstanding this, we have passed the afternoon very agreeably. Mr. Iselin's letter introduced us to his relations, who are people of the first consequence here. Two of his brothers, one of whom is the gentleman who was once at Framingham, were at their country houses, but his brother-in-law's house being within half a mile of the town, we paid him a visit there, and I had much conversation with Mr. Iselin's sister, who is a very sensible woman. The brother-in-law, M. Merrian, walked with us all round the city, and assisted us essentially in some matters relating to our departure. From this place we hasten home the shortest way we can, and I hope many days in

September will not elapse before I shall have the happiness of embracing you at Framingham. I should have told you, that I have bought two neat watches for my dear girls, at Geneva. I was some time hesitating which I should buy, plain gold ones or enamelled; but M. Pasteur, the intelligent gentleman who accompanied us, said the plain ones by all means; they are more fashionable, and the works sure to be good, so I took his advice, and I hope you will like them. If you have received half the letters I have written, you must have heard often of me, for I have written, I know, upwards of thirty. Tell Mr. Bunn I cannot give an answer respecting Mr. Britain's estate till I return, for I really forget what was the sum talked of. I am sure I won't have it unless it be a pennyworth.

God bless you,

E. R.

Mayence: Tuesday Morning, August 25, 1789.

My dear Loves,—Could we travel as quickly as the post does, I should probably be with you as soon as this letter, for we are now hastening as fast as we can on our return

to England, but the uncertainty of travelling in this country, where the people are not half so alert as in France, and the still greater uncertainty of the sea, render it impossible to fix precisely the day of our getting to England.

I think my last brought you to Basle. We left that place on Saturday morning (August 22), and travelled all that day through a province of France as far as Strasburg. That city is in Alsace, and being on the borders of Germany, and the inhabitants originally Germans, they speak that language, and are evidently not so lively as true born French. The whole journey was through one continued plain, very flat, and contrasted with the romantic scenery we had so lately known—very dull and uninteresting. The soil is poor, but everywhere cultivated. We noticed tobacco, hemp, wheat, oats, &c., and many dead walnut trees, the victims of last winter's severity. Towards evening, however, we were much gratified by seeing numbers of peasants exercising the liberty of killing game on the land they occupied, a privilege granted them by an Act of the National Assembly since the Revolution

took place. Before that Act, so severe were the game laws, that if anyone killed a hare or a partridge, or any animal with which his fields were overrun, he was sent to the galleys. At Strasburg also we found the effects of this change in the game laws; we had a hare and brace of partridges for supper. Strasburg belongs to France, and the inhabitants carry on a considerable trade. The Bourgeois were here all armed, and seemed happy in the great change that had taken place in their freedom. We went into the Cathedral, a large and light Gothic building, with some fine painted windows. On Sunday morning (Aug. 23) we left Strasburg, and crossing the Rhine about a mile off we entered Germany, a country to which nature has been equally kind as to France, for it has a fertile soil, but as yet the inhabitants live under an oppressive Government. We passed through many towns, some of them well and very regularly built, but in almost all there is a palace of a German Prince who owns the surrounding territory, the greater part of which consists of large forests, which he appropriates to the maintenance of deer

and other game, by which far too small a portion of land is cultivated for the support of the people. The consequence is, that the towns being without trade, and inhabited almost solely by dependants on the courts of these Princes, they are but half-peopled and very dull, while the country has scarcely any dwellings, the very reverse of France, which is full of houses and inhabitants. Several of these palaces, which so much abound here, are built with great magnificence, and are surrounded with gardens of considerable extent, on which enormous sums have been expended to adorn them, but in a style totally devoid of true taste. Not far from Bruchsal we saw the gardens of the Elector of the Palatinate at a place called Schwetzingen, which are celebrated as the finest in Europe, but they are laid out with the same bad and unnatural taste that prevails at Versailles, Chantilly, &c. Many long straight walks, many figures of animals spouting water—temples—rude perspective paintings at the termination of some walks, which deceived us till we came nearer—ruins, &c. A Turkish mosque was building at this time, which,

as probably a correct specimen of Mahometan building, was the only thing that interested us. We reached Manheim at one o'clock. The same Elector of the Palatinate has a palace here with a large gallery of pictures, more than 500 in number, but those who are better judges than myself say there are few good ones. This is a large town, built with the utmost regularity. It is perfectly dull, and though the inhabitants seem more numerous than in other towns of the same kind, they appear to be all asleep. Worms was the next city we came to of any consequence; it seemed large and clean, but if we had staid there long, I should have been in danger of dislocating my jaws by gaping. There were many French noblesse hastily passing through as runaways, and the German waiters laughed very much at them. From Worms to Mayence the country is a little more varied, and our ride this morning from Oppenheim was a pleasant one; on one side small hills full of flourishing vineyards, on the other the Rhine, which here spreads into a noble stream, and beyond it a fertile plain, bounded by some tolerably high

hills. In this neighbourhood, however, were marks of sad ravages from a tremendous storm of wind and rain, which took place on July 30, the very day on which we noticed an extraordinary storm of wind, without rain, at Marseilles. Mr. Morgan observed then that as this violent agitation of the air must have been produced by a great vacuum in the atmosphere, it probably was attended somewhere by a great and sudden fall of rain. When near Oppenheim we lamented to see many pretty gardens of the citizens ruined by the storm; the fences were all down, and the whole exhibited a sad picture of devastation.

We have had some few delays on account of the scarcity of horses, for the road is at present full of the unhappy French refugees, the unpopular princes and noblesse. The Count d'Artois and the Prince de Condé, the first, the King's brother, and the second, his cousin, are among these runaways. They have as yet found no abiding place, and seem to be shifting from place to place, not knowing where they are secure. Nobody seems to pity them, even the waiters and common servants at the inns speak of them with con-

tempt, and laugh at their forlorn situation. The National Assembly seems determined to frame such a system of laws as shall put it out of the power of the great to oppress the small. They have begun by cutting the wings of the noblesse and the clergy. All religious orders of monks and friars are suppressed, all tithes taken away, and no priest can have more than one living. The noblesse have no longer the exclusive right of hunting, shooting, fishing, &c.; all rights of manors are taken from them, and the peasants are relieved from the heavy services which heretofore have been imposed on them by the seigneurs. How will their industry, which they have practised even under the most discouraging circumstances, now be rewarded!

Mayence is a fine old city, well fortified, and full of inhabitants. A bridge across the Rhine, which is here a noble stream, built on forty-seven boats, measured 637 paces, so that it is certainly more than a third of a mile across. The country round is very fertile, and the prospect is terminated in every direction by fine hills. A wharf on the side of the river was full of people, and a good many vessels

were full of merchandise, wood, coals, &c. When we came near the Cathedral and other public buildings, we found them wretched specimens of taste. They were all daubed over with red ochre, and deformed by a profusion of wretched carvings. But I must stop now. God bless you. I long to be with you.

E. R.

Wednesday Morning, August 26, 1789.

My dear Loves,—I begin this letter to you in a place which does not allow me to give it a name, for we are in a boat on the Rhine, about twelve miles from Mayence, which we left this morning at about six o'clock. The scenery of the borders of this river, though very different from that of the Rhone, is very pleasing, presenting as it does the constant view of a well-cultivated country, rising into gentle hills from the river, whose banks are crowded with cities, towns, palaces, and convents. Mr. Gibbon has said, that from one extremity to the other of this noble river, there are 500 cities. I believe it, for we have already seen too many to count them. As we leave one,

another immediately appears in view, so that the shore seems one continued line of human habitations. Opposite to Mayence, not far down, is a palace of the Prince of Nassau.

Half-past ten. — The view from the water is here very beautiful. Immediately before us is the town of Bingen, situated on the water's edge. On one side is another town; the hills here are higher and steeper; the sides are full of vineyards, and the tops well cultivated with wood. There are also magnificent ruins of castles;—one large one especially in the highest part of Bingen,— which shows that this was formerly a place of no small consequence. The surface of the water is here perfectly smooth, the expanse is very great, the sun shines brightly without annoying us with too much heat, the oars are uniformly moving, dashing the water with slow and gentle strokes, yet bringing us forward at a very good rate. Indeed, judging by the carriages on the post road near the river, we go much quicker than they do. The whole scene is most charming, and I hope I shall long retain the picture of it in my mind's eye. As we came nearer Bingen, we saw crowds

of people upon the shore, on a wharf where there are several vessels at anchor. At this place I just see at the extremity of the view a tower, as if it were rising out of the water, and indeed so it proves to be, for it is built upon a small rock in the middle of the river. Near this, the Rhine becomes much narrowed, and the rapidity of its stream proportionately increased; and here, running over a bottom of rocks, it begins to roar, and shakes the boat as it passes along, but without exposing us to any danger. Indeed, during the whole passage, the navigation is perfectly secure, especially as sails are seldom used. I am more and more astonished at the number of towns here. The river winds so much that I am sure I cannot see two miles before me, yet there are not less than four considerable towns in sight, which seem alternately placed on each side of the river, like the lamps in the streets of London. More and more magnificent ruins also come in sight. These buildings were destroyed by Gustavus Adolphus and his generals; melancholy monuments of the devastations of war! At most of the towns a small tax is paid by

every vessel which passes. This is troublesome, as well as oppressive, and certainly not a little impolitic. In one place which I have mentioned, on a tower upon a rock in the middle of the river, soldiers are constantly on guard, and when a vessel approaches, a bell rings, and you must stop and pay the duty, or incur the risk of being fired upon.

I begin to think we shall have almost as pleasant a passage down this river as that down the Rhone. We expect to be at Amsterdam in three days, and shall soon get to Helvoetsluys, whence we take the packet for Harwich. We have all been wonderfully well. God bless you all.

E. R.

Düsseldorf : Friday Evening, August 28, 1789.

My dear Loves,—I expected to have written this letter at or near Amsterdam, and that it would have been the last which I should have had the opportunity of sending before I reached England, but the bad arrangements of the German posts have delayed us most unexpectedly more than two days, which is particularly unpleasant, as

we proposed being in England on or before September 5. We still hope to accomplish it, and if so, I shall be with you on Saturday or Sunday, the 5th or 6th. It is very disagreeable to be detained in this part of our journey, as the country since we left the Rhine is very flat and dull, and the towns are all alike equally barren of entertainment to such travellers as we are. If you have suspected that my disposition to be pleased with the most moderate beauties of nature has, in many cases, made me magnify those I have seen, giving you rather the description of what I, labouring under that happy enthusiasm, have felt, than of what was really before my eyes, I wish now to give you a proof that I am as capable of finding fault as of praising. But to return to my narrative, the last of which was written on the Rhine after leaving Mayence. We arrived that evening at Coblentz, a large city, fifty-five miles from Mayence. Two large palaces, a strong fortress on a high rock which overawes as well as overlooks the town, and, as usual, a number of churches, were the principal objects which appeared in view as we

approached, and as it was just before sunset it was not the least pleasant view we had had. We walked about the town, and though there were many streets, there were but few people, and everything looked very dull. We walked also on the bridge over the Moselle, which here falls into the Rhine. That we might recover the time we had lost in being detained at Mayence, we rose the next morning (Thursday) before three, and went immediately on board, hoping to get to Cologne in time to admit of our going post to Düsseldorf the same evening. Our voyage down the Rhine continued to be prosperous; we were that day equally entertained by the sight of the many towns, which seemed to pass in perpetual review before us. One of the principal of these was the city of Bonn, the residence of the Archbishop and Elector of Cologne. As usual, the Prince has a large palace, and the rest of the town seems to suffer in proportion to the wealth expended upon the habitation of one individual. Before reaching Bonn, we observed the great post road was here near the river, and many carriages upon it. I counted at one time six

together, which I fancied were conveying the unfortunate ill-judging French noblesse from their native country. About three o'clock we arrived at Cologne, in very good time to have gone on in the carriage to Düsseldorf, which is but twenty miles further. But the postmaster told us, in a very surly manner, that he could not let us have any horses. He would not condescend to give us any reason for his refusal, nor could all our most earnest persuasions prevail on him to promise us any till the next day. Finding it impossible to overcome his German obstinacy, we endeavoured to make the best of our situation, got our dinner, and set out to see the town. It is one of the largest we have yet seen, except Paris, and is said to be nine miles round, but I cannot believe this. It is, however, very thinly inhabited, containing they say only 36,000 inhabitants, and not without reason, for surely of all places under heaven, it is the last a reasonable creature would wish to reside in. Tyranny and superstition seem to have taken up their abode here. The number of armed soldiers which we met at every corner, were sufficient proof of the one,

and the crowd of ill-looking fat priests and monks—the only crowd in the place, except the beggars—equally proved the dominion of the other. There was a gloom and appearance of disease in almost every man's face we saw; their persons also look filthy. The state of wretchedness in which they live seems to deprive them of every power of exertion, even of that of keeping themselves clean. The only women we met who appeared healthy, were a few peasants bringing provisions, and even these must pay for a ticket of admission to sell them. I observed one poor woman in great distress because she had lost hers. The streets are in some places overgrown with grass, and in others so full of filth, that the nose is offended at every step. The country which surrounds this city, and which belongs to the Archbishop, bespeaks sufficiently the character of its owner. The land is never cultivated in the dominions of a tyrant. This remark we have had occasion to repeat in the whole of our journey from Cologne to Holland, for the whole country is divided between the Archbishop and the King of Prussia. I never felt more abhor-

rence of tyranny and superstition than when we were pent up in this wretched place. At the same time one's pity for the oppressed is mixed with contempt, for surely if they had the spirit of human beings, they would rouse themselves to throw off a yoke which must so severely gall them; indeed, I cannot help thinking that the day will come when some of the numerous churches and convents will be converted into houses of industry and manufactures, and when the laziness of the monks will give place to the activity of the merchant and the mechanic, for no place can be better calculated for these purposes than this city. It is finely situated in a fertile country, with a temperate climate, and one of the finest rivers in Europe runs by its side. These reflections obviously occurred in the course of our walk about the city, and more especially when we went to the promenade, which, in all other places, and particularly in France, is the resort of the principal inhabitants, who meet for conversation. But how were we disappointed, how disgusted, to find, instead of the usual scene of gaiety and cheerfulness, only two groups of beings; at one

corner there were about twenty soldiers, and at the other as many priests, yawning away their time and their existence. The Cathedral is an old Gothic building, very rich in that style of architecture, but it is in a state of ruin, the chancel end being alone perfect. In St. Peter's Church we saw the crucifixion of that saint by Rubens. Wishing to leave this place, which could only give us the vapours, as soon as possible, we had ordered the horses at four in the morning, and as the post-master had solemnly promised them at that time, we rose at half-past three, but no horses came. We went then to the man; we thought he would have snapped our noses off, and though we saw plenty of horses in the stable, the scoundrel would not let us depart till nine o'clock, and then we were dragged so slowly that we did not arrive here till half-past three. The posts here, as in France, belong to the Government, but how differently are they managed! In France at every post-house a table of rules is hung on the walls, and every traveller is requested to complain if either postmaster or postillion behave ill. Here, the management is entrusted to some half-pay

or reduced officer of the army, who has no other law than that of his own will. Here also, to our mortification, though we are got into another Prince's dominions, we have the same story over again, with this difference, that the postmaster speaks civilly and assures us we shall have horses certainly early in the morning. We have here seen the picture gallery. Raphael's 'Holy Family,' a single figure of 'St. John the Baptist,' by Raphael, an 'Assumption,' by Guido, 'Jupiter and Antiope,' by Vandyke, several by Rubens, and one by Albert Durer, were the most distinguished paintings. Düsseldorf is an old dirty town, full of churches, priests, and soldiers. This unpleasant part of our journey makes us all wish to be in England again, and yet we find that many English travellers who come abroad for a few weeks, confine themselves to Holland, and to some of these German towns. Had we not been in France, Italy, and Switzerland, and had we only formed an opinion of the Continent from the country and the people we see here, we should have returned with very unfavourable impressions. I fear you will find this the least interesting

of my letters, but I hope you will blame the subject, and not me. God bless you all.

E. R.

Amersfort: Monday Morning, August 31, 1789.

My dear Loves,—We have been so long delayed in coming through Germany, that we have not yet reached Amsterdam, though we have for the last forty-eight hours travelled night and day. The country through which we have passed has been so uninteresting, the roads so bad, and the post so infamously arranged, that we have been dragged from stage to stage in a manner that would exhaust the patience of Job himself. In every town we passed, we suffered from the rascality of the postmasters; they cheated us in the price of the horses, and deceived us as to the time between stage and stage. They will not change a louis without a heavy loss; the postillions will not set off unless they are paid first, and if you have only large money which requires change, they bring it you back short of the value. We flattered ourselves that when we got into Holland, our difficulties would be over, and with this

expectation how we did rejoice yesterday morning about seven o'clock, when we were told that we were in the territory of the Dutch. The face of the country for a little way sufficiently discovered that more industry had been exercised than in any place we had seen for several days, for from the frontier to Arnheim we travelled through a fertile country, with good dwellings; but from Arnheim to this place, which is twenty-seven miles, the road lay through one continued wide extended waste, where there was not a single mark of cultivation, not a cottage or a tree to relieve the eye. The roads, too, were so bad, and the drivers and horses so lazy, that we were actually thirteen hours coming this short journey, though the postmaster assured us we should do it in six. But my last was written from Düsseldorf. We found that town larger than we expected, and, what was a new circumstance in Germany, we found it an increasing town, for there were some houses building, and the appearance of some trade. Indeed, in all the towns situated on the Rhine there must be some trade, notwithstanding that the different governments under which

the people live are so unfavourable to it. From Düsseldorf we set off on Saturday morning very early, expecting by being brisk in our movements to have reached Amsterdam late in the evening. We got to Duysburg before ten, where we breakfasted, and ordered the horses for the next stage, which was fifteen miles further. The postmaster gave us good words, and promised we should have them in half an hour, but it was full two hours before we found ourselves in the carriage again. It is a common trick with these infamous scoundrels to make travellers wait, that there may be the chance of some returned horses, in which case he sends them with these, makes the poor traveller pay for fresh horses, and cheats the King by dividing the money between the returning postillion and himself. This very scheme this fellow put in execution in our case. Unfortunately it succeeded so far that we were sent off with the return horses, and instead of getting to the next stage in three hours, we were seven doing it. But he overshot the mark in another respect; he made an extravagant overcharge for the horses, which our intelli-

gent valet soon discovered, and as we threatened to complain to the Commandant at Wesel, he sent the difference after us. Impositions of all kinds we began to experience as soon as we entered a country governed by a despot, for we were here in the King of Prussia's dominions. Bad money was also in circulation here. The next town we entered was Wesel, which is strongly fortified, and has 14,000 soldiers in it. These poor devils lead a life of the most abject slavery; they have but three-pence a day, do hard duty, and are not permitted to walk out of the gates, unless under peculiar circumstances. One of them followed the carriage, and asked if we were not English. He advised us not to stay all night at Wesel lest we should be ill-treated, and told us he was an Englishman, and had served in the American war; that on his return to England he wanted employment, and having an uncle in Germany, he came over to see him, but lucklessly passing through Wesel, he was detained and imprisoned for several days, and harshly treated till he enlisted. But he said he looked forward to the time when he should

be discharged, to be able to return to England, for the Prussian soldiers are enlisted only for ten years and a day, and he had already served six. We pitied the poor fellow, who seemed very miserable, and gave him a little money and some good advice. I had an opportunity afterwards of telling this tale to a Prussian officer, and he said 'Yes, he will be discharged if, at the end of the term, he is disabled or in any way unfit for service, but if otherwise, and he should demand his discharge, he would immediately be tied up to the halberds and well flogged, and that would be called a renewal of the contract.' What an instance is this of tyranny. How can a country flourish under a government capable of such actions; but it does not flourish; the land is uncultivated and depopulated. In the dominions of this fool of a king there is scarcely any peasantry; every new-born babe is made a soldier, and in a little while there will be no inhabitants left to till the ground. Through those parts of the Duchy of Cleves which we passed, not one hundredth part of the land is cultivated, and where it is, the only crop seems to be buckwheat, which we

found was the food both of cattle and men. Who would wish to live in Germany! But these despotic systems must have an end, and the tyrants who divide this country, so favoured by Nature, must expect a fall. About ten days ago the inhabitants of the Bishoprick of Liege actually threw off the yoke; the Bourgeois armed themselves, drove the soldiers out of the town, surrounded the palace, and brought the bishop to the Hôtel de Ville, where they made him sign a declaration of rights. How every country and every people we have seen since we left France sink into comparison with that animated country! We are much disappointed in the appearance of Holland. We expected a rich and well-cultivated country, and an active people, but hitherto we have seen scarcely anything but wide wastes, and the people seem all stupid. They can, however, cheat very handsomely. We have not had a regular meal since Friday, and yet they have attempted to cheat us at every inn we stopped at. This will be my last letter, and may perhaps not arrive before me. I hope to see you on Sunday or Monday, but as we have

been hitherto so much more delayed than we expected, you must not be alarmed if I do not arrive at that time. We shall probably be at Rotterdam on Wednesday (September 2). Should there be a Yarmouth ship then going off immediately, we may go by it, if not by the packet to Harwich. God bless you.

E. R.

This was the last letter addressed by Dr. Rigby to his family. I therefore add concluding passages from his journal, which became more copious after ceasing to write to his home. He and his companions did not land in England till September 9, having been detained at Helvoetsluys by contrary winds.

Amsterdam, September 1, 1789. *Tuesday morning.*—We arrived here yesterday evening at six o'clock. In coming to the inn, we passed through the Jews' quarters; some of them followed the carriage and asked to be paid for showing us the way. We walked out in the evening; what a scene of melancholy

dulness! How the canals stink! the inflammable air rising from them might fill a balloon. We rose at half-past five this morning, went to the quay, took a boat, and were rowed round the harbour; a very fine sight, a large number of ships, and very commodiously arranged. We went to the Stadt House, a large stone building, with pilasters of no architectural order. Many rooms full of old paintings. From the top there is a fine view of the city, harbour, &c. The city is large, and being built on ground gained from the sea, it makes a striking effect. Went on Change; it was not so full as in London, nor did the merchants appear so much like gentlemen. We also visited the house of correction. The prisoners seemed to work hard in rasping wood. An Englishman and an American were confined six months for fighting; all seemed healthy and tolerably clean. Then to the workhouse, which is a large new-built house, containing 800 paupers. In the work-rooms women were picking hemp, carding it, spinning it, and weaving it into a coarse wrapper. Boys were exercising, and performing the manual in the slowest way possible.

We also went to the medical, or botanical garden.

Amsterdam, September 2, 1789. Wednesday.—Rose at five, could but again remark how dull the place was. I went to the hospital and asked permission to see it, but the porter said he could not give me leave. I returned about an hour later, rang the bell with an air of authority, and marched in without asking any questions or being interrupted by any one. The account this week was 666 patients—ninety-five admitted, fifty-four discharged, and ten dead. I counted ninety-seven beds in one ward, which was seventy paces long, about 200 feet. At five every morning every patient who is able gets up, and the wards are washed. A woman in a state of delirium was shut up in a kind of closet, something like a small pulpit, being open at the top. The whole was very clean. We dined this day at Mr. Hope's splendid house, and saw his counting-house. He gave us tickets for the French play; a small house and not good actors. He gave us also an order to see his country house and gallery of paintings at Haarlem.

Thursday morning, September 3, Amsterdam.—Rose at half-past four, and went to the green market; the vegetables and fruit very fine, and there were some enormously large white currants, brought to the market in boats. We arrived at Haarlem at half-past eight. We were gratified by the sight of Mr. Hope's house, &c. It is built upon a slight elevation, dignified by the name of a hill. It might as well have been called a mountain. The house has been building four years. The picture gallery is very magnificent. I am sorry so often to remark the knavery of the Dutch. They charged us twenty guldens for four horses from Amsterdam to this place, which is almost 2*l.*, and yet are so slow that they made us wait more than two hours for a change of horses. At three o'clock we were near Leyden.

Arrived at the Hague at six in the evening. Within eight or ten miles of it, the road is through a wood, in which are many solitary and melancholy looking houses, and near the Hague a palace for the Stadtholder. This town is neat, but, like Amsterdam, full of stagnant canals, the receptacles of animal

and vegetable substances, and the perpetually generating source of inflammable air which circulates so much here and at Amsterdam as to tarnish the silver in common use. We were in time to go to the comedy, a small, very ordinary and badly lighted theatre. The Prince of Orange and his two daughters were in the stage box, his son and two other ladies in the next.

The Hague, September 4.—There is nothing but fraud and imposition in this country. They make us pay more than 2*l.* to be conveyed hence to Rotterdam, which is only nine miles. The Hague is very well built, and contains good houses, squares and promenades, but they are all dull.

Delft, a large town, clean and dull.

Rotterdam at half-past one. This is a very large town, the best we have seen in Holland. There are many good houses, but most of them considerably out of the perpendicular; the ground on which they are built having settled. The haven was full of ships, and the water in the Maas clean and pure, very unlike that of the canals seen before.

September 5, 1789.—We left Rotterdam

early, after some bustle about the carriage, crossed the Rhine twice in boats, and breakfasted at a small town, where we were cheated by the master of the inn, and the imposition was so gross that we applied to a magistrate for redress, but to no purpose. We were cheated and deceived again by the postillions, who had engaged to take us from Rotterdam to Helvoetsluys in five hours, and we were only half-way when four hours and a half had elapsed. We were not better treated by the boatmen. Fraud and lies are certainly here the order of the day.

We arrived at Helvoetsluys at half-past one, through bad roads and wretched country, but better cultivated. The winds being high and contrary, we stayed all night.

September 6, 1789. *Helvoetsluys, 6 o'clock.*— The wind is still contrary and squally, and we must wait longer.

Wednesday morning, September 9, 1789.— On board a fishing boat on the Suffolk coast. We left Helvoetsluys on Sunday, the 6th, at a quarter before four P.M., in Captain Flynn's packet. A hard gale sprang up soon after we set sail, and, being contrary, we were tossed

about very much till this morning, when we discovered land, and found ourselves near Southwold.

Mr. Morgan and I, seeing a fishing boat bound for Yarmouth, hailed her, and with some difficulty got on board her. Mr. Boddington and Mr. Woodhouse continued in the packet, expecting to reach Harwich before evening. We soon made Yarmouth, and landed on the jetty, and were quickly conveyed to Norwich in a chaise, without having any more reason to complain of imposing postmasters or bad postillions.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018